

The GRAPHIC



MY OLD BOOKS

By CAROLINE REYNOLDS

These are my friends, these worn and winnowed books,
Each like a living thing of blood and breath;
These are my friends in dreamy days in shadowed nooks,
These are my comforters in stress of life and death.

Here where their gentle faces smile at me,
Mute in companionship---before my fire I sit
Feeling across my eyes a wind-blown breath of sea,
Drinking the heady ale of broad and ancient wit.

Here I may thrill once more with Love's sweet dream,
Voiced in the haunting cadence of a poet's rhyme;
Here I may watch the swords of battle gleam,
Here may I mark the mighty march of Time.

These are my friends---to feel the nuance of my mood,---
Soft whispering in the dusk of inglenooks;
Each like a thing of soul within the solitude---
These are my friends---these worn and winnowed books.

Fifth Annual Book Number

RALPH FULLERTON • MOCINE •



We Move Saturday, December 14th

The LOS ANGELES INVESTMENT COMPANY will move on Saturday, December 14th, from its present quarters at 333-335-337 South Hill Street, into its new million-dollar, thirteen-story home, the Los Angeles Investment Building, Broadway at Eighth. At home for business Monday morning, in the most perfectly and elegantly equipped building of its kind in the West.

Owned By Over 25,000 People

This magnificent structure, which together with the lot is worth over a million and three quarters of dollars, was erected and is owned by the 25000 security holders of the LOS ANGELES INVESTMENT COMPANY. The building is absolutely free of mortgage or direct lien and a splendid monument to the cooperation of small investors.

THE GRAPHIC

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TWENTIETH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

SAMUEL TRAVERS CLOVER :: EDITOR



HAMMER BURNING AS A CIVIC RITE

OUTSIDE of San Francisco the public is not greatly perturbed by the declaration of a Chicago police captain that the northern metropolis is the vilest city in the country, and it is doubtful if our neighbors beyond the Tehachapi are losing sleep over the imputation, however much we may all deplore existing conditions. The Barbary coast, as the heart of the San Francisco underworld is dubbed, is probably no worse than South Clark street used to be in the days when the elder Harrison ruled Chicago, but that is not lauding it highly. What does concern the remainder of the state, however, is the announcement that, Christmas eve, San Francisco will hold a public celebration to emphasize the blending of all discordant elements in the city, the event to be symbolized by the "burning of the hammer."

If this is to be a genuine reformation, a bona fide coming together for the general good, to the end that the exposition may not be retarded or ruined by warring partisans, then is our neighbor to the north to be warmly felicitated. For years, San Francisco has been cursed by factional feuds. What one coterie of spirits advocated, no matter how beneficial it was likely to prove to the city at large, an opposing element was sure to decry and all through the community the "knocking" tendency spread until it was impossible to get together on any noteworthy enterprise. Meanwhile, the judicious noted with envious eyes the camaraderie that prevailed in the southern metropolis, where the art of "boosting" was cultivated to the nth power, and the results attained were contemplated with equally covetous minds. It was the "pull together" spirit that accomplished everything.

Of late, this object lesson has been held before San Franciscans by the newspapers, by the politicians, and by civic bodies until the community has been able to discern the folly of its disorganizing course. Now, with a colossal undertaking before them, that can be successful only through the united efforts of everybody within the municipal limits of the exposition city, it is better realized what a moral obligation as well as a financial one rests upon San Francisco. The idea of "burning the hammer" is, perhaps, fantastic and a trifle theatrical, but our friends in the north are fond of the bizarre and seem to need a public spur to prick their activities. Mayor Rolph has approved the proposal and his official sanction is supplemented by the indorsement given it by the various civic organizations. May the charred remains of the hammer signify to the participants in

the sacred rite—for it is nothing else than a ceremonial—the futility of a house divided—ashes and crumbling hopes are the inevitable sequence. Only in unity of purpose lie strength and achievement.

WHEN TRUTH IS NOT PRIVILEGED

WITTY and wise Michael Seigneur de Montaigne whose essays have been printed in all tongues since the delightful old French philosopher gave them original setting, back in the sixteenth century, never gave voice to a more convincing precept than when he declared that truth itself has not the privilege to be spoken at all times. We are reminded of this by the disclosure of a tragedy in Los Angeles where a fourteen-year-old lad, angry because his father subjected him to discipline, fired at his parent through a window, killing him instantly. Repenting of his awful deed the young parricide revealed the truth to his horrified mother who was persuaded to affirm that the slaying of her husband was due to an accident.

This version, doubtless, would have been accepted without question, but for the inadvertent betrayal by the lad of his own secret to a neighbor. The police quickly elicited the truth which the agonized mother, widowed by her son's rash act, tearfully and reluctantly corroborated. But what a situation for a woman to confront! Her testimony was needed to fasten the guilt on the murderer of her husband and to give it meant the betrayal of her baby, the certain loss of him in addition to his sire. Her prior asseverations had gone for naught; her sacrifice of the verities, the wrestling with her spirit, had been without avail; the implacable truth must be unfolded!

Who shall say that this mother did wrong in attempting to shield her boy from the consequences of his crime—the result of an uncontrolled temper? Her husband was beyond recall, the lad remained—and at fourteen there is room for life-long reparation—why sacrifice him when a lie, bravely told, would save him from an impending fate? Is it strange that she sided with the living and closed her eyes on the dead? Perhaps, the fit of temper that led to the committal of the crime, alas, was a transmitted defect, from father to son. Who, better than the mother, could trace the origin of the incentive and seek to condone its tragic consequences? "For truth itself has not the privilege at all times and in all sorts," observes the quaint Sieur de Montaigne.

HOW TO MEET INCREASED STATE BUDGET

THERE is likely to be a vigorous protest from California corporations, paying taxes to the state under the operation of Amendment No. 1, when the next legislature considers the subject of appropriations for state institutions. Estimates already in hand indicate that an increase of from five to six millions of dollars over 1911-12 will be required to meet the budget of expenses which, if allowed, will, it is argued, necessitate one of two procedures: the increase in the taxation rate on corporation property by legislative enactment or the levying of an ad valorem tax that will have to be met by the people generally.

We do not agree with this view. In many instances the main increases in appropriations are for the purpose of erecting new buildings, forming additions to state institutions whose equipment has not kept pace with the demands, or else the funds sought are for the establishment of buildings to solve hitherto unmet problems of government. These permanent improvements should be financed in the same way we build school houses, court houses, city halls and other structures of a public nature—through bond issues. Of course, in the end, the corporations will have to foot the bills, but it is manifestly unfair to mulct them in

a lump sum of the large amounts needed to fill the estimated requirements that the state apparently finds obligatory.

Spread the payments over twenty or forty years and the corporations will cheerfully acquiesce, since the many plans for expansion of business now under way will prove so remunerative that the yearly interest and sinking fund apportionment will be met without complaint. But an arbitrary raise in taxation to pay spot cash for these contemplated improvements might work serious detriment to concerns now using large sums of money on extensions. Besides, by the bond issue plan an ad valorem tax on personal property generally is completely avoided. We submit that the method suggested is fair to the corporations, is in harmony with Amendment No. 1 principle of meeting state expenses, and will prove entirely satisfactory to the people.

NEWS AND VILENESS DIFFERENTIATED

AMONG the unpleasant features of the sordid affair disclosed by the shooting in San Francisco of a Los Angeles married man by a woman with whom he had formed a liaison, is the announcement that his fervent "love" letters are to be made public, excerpts from these delectable epistles having already appeared in print. What is to be gained by spreading such evidences of mental and moral degeneracy before newspaper readers? Why should the sacred flame of love be subjected to obloquy through the depiction of a spurious substitute? A man forgetful of his vows at the altar, lost to all principles of self-respect, living in dishonor with a woman to whom he has addressed letters filled with epithets betraying a base passion, is suddenly brought to a realizing sense of his disgraceful conduct by a pistol shot, following a night of drunken debauch with his mistress. The letters from him, found in her rooms, are to be used by her attorney in refuting the charge that his client shot her paramour.

Is there any good excuse for printing such sordid stuff? Why should self-respecting newspapers admit to their columns one line of this pornographic slop? Are not their conductors under moral obligation to their subscribers to keep their publications well within the bounds of decency? The ready retort is that a newspaper must print the news. Rubbish! Vileness cannot masquerade under that all-comprehending term. If the public were not apprised of the contents of these salacious letters it could exhibit no craving for them, hence to say that "we give our readers only what they demand," falls to the ground as an argument of defense. The editorial management of a newspaper should be adamant in its attitude of protecting its readers from assaults on their sensibilities by the printing of details of a degrading nature. If this is not an editor's province then of what use is he?

Not all the news, but all the news that is fit to print should be the guiding principle of a daily newspaper worthy of confidence. Because the news-gathering bureau sends unfit details over the wire of a scandal that chances to be in the public eye it does not follow that it must be printed. The obligation of the press association ends when it delivers its news melange. The editor's duty begins with the receipt of this choice collection of good, bad and indifferent happenings. He must select, prune and reject with such discrimination as his judgment, tastes and conscience dictate. According to the manner in which he performs this task is the shaping of the daily product he provides and to what extent his public is discriminatory or otherwise his publication grows in favor or becomes an object of contempt.

There is a vast gulf between the kind of newspaper

urged by Rev. Charles M. Sheldon as desirable and that which the down-to-date, discerning and really conscientious editor or publisher essays to make. The trouble with the Kansas divine is that he fails to discriminate between preaching and publishing. His pulpit fulminations may be never so excellent, but transfer them to the columns of a daily paper and they quickly pall on the readers. The best that can be done is to have standards of decency and adhere to them. A newspaper may be spicy without leaning to pruriency and have a wide purview without "playing up" all the sinful lapses of mankind. For humbugs of whatever description there should be ruthless publicity and merciless editorial flaying, but for those departures from grace and convention that are charged to poor, weak, erring humanity the broadest charity should mark the editorial course.

After all, the newspaper is, at best, a reflection of the times and manners of the age in which it is printed. Not catering to the worst element, not kowtowing to the select, but striving to strike a fair average in the long run. How far it falls short of or approximates this golden mean lies with its conductors. Of course, if the community fails to appreciate high standards the newspaper will inevitably retrograde in the attempt to retain its grip on the public, but unless the newspaper is fossilized and deadly there is little fear of a collapse because of its efforts to be decent. Anyway, the self-respecting editor owes a duty to himself as well as to his public. To the garbage incinerator with the Widney letters and all kindred pornographic matter seeking newspaper publicity!

SON OF HIS FATHER

PASADENA is entertaining a visitor this week in the person of J. Ogden Armour, who cuts a large figure in the commercial world, just as his father did before him. To his board of trade associates and in La Salle street environs the older man was always "Phil" Armour, and even the youngest "settling" clerk, attached to the provision or grain pit, never thought of alluding to him as otherwise than "Phil." And yet Philip Danforth Armour was the last person to suggest such breezy familiarity of address. In appearance he was remindful of a well-entrenched Church of England curate or rather a bishop enjoying a comfortable living, with his "pursy" stomach, his florid features, his clean-shaven lip and chin and his mildly inoffensive "mutton-chops" that imperceptibly paled and thinned as the cares of business and the gathering years were borne in upon him.

In all Chicago the superior of the older Armour—who lived to see only one year of the twentieth century—in commercial acumen and mental resourcefulness did not exist. Of indefatigable physical energies, a remarkable judge of his fellow men, having a native shrewdness that ever served him in emergencies and with the brain of a master builder he filled a large niche in the western world whose metropolis is the bustling, windy city on the southwest edge of Lake Michigan. That he wore himself out in the creative work of extending his colossal enterprises is of no particular moment. If he had lived to be a hundred his dynamic force would have precluded peace of mind and repose from business cares. He died in his sixties, having accomplished much, gauged by materialistic standards, and his son Ogden reigned in his stead.

Ogden is a name associated with Chicago's early settlement. A family of pioneers bore it and honored it. The chief of the clan was an early mayor of the Illinois metropolis and one of the principal thoroughfares bisecting the city obliquely from northeast to southwest perpetuates his name. It is of this stock on one side that the present head of the house of Armour & Co. comes. As a youngster he gave no evidence of becoming a worthy successor of his masterful sire. Sickly rather than otherwise and of delicate build he presented anything but the promising exterior of a future captain of industry. His career at Yale was curtailed by his indomitable parent who fretted at the waste of time (to him) the young man had elected to devote to a university course. Yielding to repeated entreaties Ogden relinquished his as-

pirations for a degree and returned to Chicago to follow in his father's footsteps. His way was in curious contrast to that of his sire. Repressed, undemonstrative, sparing of his words, it was a long time before his associates began to realize that beneath the calm, almost ascetic exterior was a will power fully as strong as that of the older man, a purview as wide, a grasp of affairs as comprehensive, an acumen as keen, and a pertinacity as prehensile as found lodgment in the brain cells of the founder of the immense packing house whose brands of products are known wherever commerce penetrates.

This is he who is in Pasadena this week, who has been touring the principal cities of the country gaining respite from the strenuous responsibilities of the institution—it is all that—of which he is the controlling executive. It was in Pasadena that his father tarried eleven years ago when he came to the coast in search of that health which he had so recklessly drawn upon and where he was obliged to undergo a serious surgical operation. Doubtless, the son keenly recalls the anxious days the family passed until the sufferer emerged from the strain and was able to return to his home by the lake, not long to survive, however. Of the younger Armour's—it is difficult to think of him as in his fiftieth year—painful experience last spring when, with others, he was indicted for conspiring to restrain trade, in violation of the Sherman anti-trust act, one is silent. The jury, after a fair trial, rendered a verdict of not guilty and the Chicago papers were a unit in indorsing the decision. Mr. Armour is probably more a victim of the commercial demands of the age that compels gargantuan performances than a deliberate violator of the law—at least, that was the trend of the juristic belief and it should be accepted. If the son of his father is able to "let up" and shift a few of his burdens to the shoulders of competent lieutenants he cannot do better than remain with us until spring and so escape for himself and his family the rigors of Chicago in February and March. We can promise him and his a pleasant sojourn.

FOR THE CHILD BEHIND FACTORY WALLS

IF ANY of us saw a man beating a little child on the street the chances are as ten to one that we would interfere, yet how careless society becomes as to the welfare of the child out of sight who may require interference even more! The National Child Labor Committee which closed the eighth year of its labors recently, makes it plain beyond doubting that the future of the nation is menaced if better care is not taken of the child of today. When one sees the streets full of happy, healthy-looking children just out of school, the playgrounds full, his own children safe, he is likely to enjoy the thought that the young American is getting his full due. And so he is—in spots. What we cannot see and what we hear of but rarely is the child behind the factory walls. What of him or her?

There is an army of such—tens of thousands in number. The Children's Crusade of the Middle Ages has been followed with bedimmed eyes and tight throats ever since that dire event in history, but in the cotton mills of the east and south, in the mines of Pennsylvania, is as large an army facing a worse fate! It is a grim comment on our civilization that a national committee must be formed to force legislation in the respective states, to protect children from abuse and overwork. But such is the fact. The committee, with Mr. Ower Lovejoy at its head and an array of notable names as its working staff, is striving for uniform legislation and a Christian regulation of the hours and conditions of the labor of children. To get bills through the legislatures it is necessary to compete with the forces that profit by the cheap labor of children, heartless employers, thrice heartless parents.

In Georgia, this year, the fight was lost for lack of funds. For at least one year more ten-year-old orphans can be worked ten hours a day and sixty hours a week in Georgia cotton mills. That is one state only. Conditions are bad in every state, and money to divide your Christmas funds, save a share for the

Child Labor Committee, 105 East Twenty-second street, New York City, and give the child at large, whom you do not see, but whose sorrow is real, a fighting American chance.

FOR REGULATION WITHOUT PREJUDICE

TAKING as his topic the relation between the railroads and the public President Sproule of the Southern Pacific Railroad discussed the rate regulation of the interstate commerce commission and the various state railroad commissions at the annual banquet of the San Francisco Chamber of Commerce Monday night. As evidencing the right of the railway to fair consideration at all times Mr. Sproule called attention to the fact that in the last fiscal year his company paid out 76 cents directly to the people of this state for every dollar gross that it earned for its own treasury for transportation services rendered within the borders of California, which outlay did not include materials, supplies and equipment not possible to get within the state, nor yet did it comprehend payments for interest on bonds or for dividends. For wages, merchandise and miscellaneous expenses, not including taxes, the road disbursed \$42,000,000 last year in California.

This is a colossal sum for one enterprise to distribute. We are not blind to its faults in the past, but we have no silly prejudices against the corporation, per se. Divorced from politics, amenable as it is to interstate commerce rules and state board regulations the Southern Pacific occupies a far different position in the commonwealth today from what it did five or ten years ago. An enlightened civic conscience, it is fair to assume, has been at work among railroad officials as well as with their critics and perhaps they have awakened to the folly of their former high-handed course and resolved to amend their ways. Certainly, the attitude of the head of the Southern Pacific calls for no harsh criticism. He finds no fault with the federal and state regulation of public utilities. The principle is here to remain and the publicity it demands of all railroad transactions formerly shrouded in mystery he is frank to say is beneficial to the community in which the corporation operates.

Accepting all this the railroads resent the regulation of prejudice and the regulation that takes little heed of destructive results. A little bitterly, it would seem, President Sproule is found saying: "It is a rare thing indeed for a decision in any large or material case to be made nowadays in favor of the railroads, and from this circumstance the public inference is that the railroads must be always wrong." Mr. Sproule argues that the present railroad rates are the natural and normal expression of an evolution from the conflict of contending commercial forces, and that they have a fair relation in the broad and general sense to the commercial needs of the country directly and also with respect to the competitive relation of points of consumption and points of supply. Errors of adjustment may have crept in, but they are not errors of perversity nor yet of wilfulness he affirms. They are errors in the sense only that every sound business needs readjustment from time to time in order to be flexible and responsive to the needs of the present.

We agree with his contention that it is necessary to the well-being of the community that beyond the actual needs of the railroads and a mere investment return on the money, there should be built up a sufficient surplus in the treasuries of the companies to sustain their credit and insure payment of interest on the bonds, especially in lean years. This credit is necessary to make it possible to raise more money. With this money more railroads will be built, the railroads already built will be materially improved, and the facilities and equipment increased for the comfort and convenience of the people. An eminent authority has stated, and properly, that the surplus of a railroad is the backbone of its credit.

Mr. Sproule adverted to the widely published statement that the railroad commission has saved \$2,000,000 for the people by reducing the rates of the railroad within this state. Not controverting the asser-

tion he said that if true it means 5 per cent on a borrowing capacity of \$40,000,000. He asks: "Which is more important to this state, that \$40,000,000 be spent in the increase of railroad facilities to serve San Francisco and California, or that the railroads have \$2,000,000 stricken from their earnings?" Of course, the answer is that if they are gouging the public they should be forced to disgorge, but if it is an arbitrary saving that will benefit the masses far less than the broader proposition stated the wisdom of the act is problematical. It is a theoretical saving only. A picayune policy will help nobody. To a concern that pays \$42,000,000 a year of its receipts back to the people of the state and, in addition, pays 24 per cent of the total taxes collected from banks, insurance companies, franchises and public service corporations in the state at least just and even liberal treatment should be accorded and we stand for the principle of fair play in all considerations affecting public utilities, large or small. If the public spirit is narrow and capacious then the regulating tribunals will reflect that attitude and unfair rulings will result. In the long run such a policy is hurtful to the commonwealth which is best served by treating all interests in an unprejudiced manner.

VICIOUS EXAMPLE OF STATE EXECUTIVES

PERHAPS, South Carolina is proud of its blatant executive, Cole L. Blease, but we have our doubts. A governor who takes oath to uphold the laws of the state and publicly defends the doctrine of lynching negroes guilty of criminal assault is a dangerous man to retain in office. Dangerous, because of the force of his example. When he is reminded of his paramount obligation he snaps his fingers and consigns the state constitution to hades. In highfalutin language he says: "When the constitution steps between me and the defense of the virtue of the white women of my state, I will resign my commission and tear it up and throw it to the breezes."

There we get the true measure of the man. He is evidently a gallery player. He talks biggity. He would defend the virtue of the women of "my state" by destroying what virtue there is in the laws that, if properly enforced, can better protect the women of South Carolina than the illegal acts of a mob. Follow this spirit to its logical conclusion and you have Judge Lynch superseding the statutes in all instances where the slower machinery of the law happens to irritate the mobs that are inspired with a contempt for legal processes by their executive. Impeachment and forcible expulsion from office is the only recourse a self-respecting people can have for so banal a governor.

Justice demands that every accused person be given a fair trial, no matter how damnable are the evidences of guilt. The constitution of South Carolina guarantees this right to the negro ravisher quite as much as to the white murderer. Not in defying the law will the women of any state be assured better protection from ruffians, but rather by enforcing the statutes. As Governor Shafroth of Colorado stated at the governors' conference at Richmond: "One mob can do more injury to society than twenty murderers because a lynching permeates the entire community and produces anarchy. The influence of mob rule is most reprehensible. When laws are made it should be the duty of a governor to enforce them whether he approves them or not. When the law prescribes hanging for an offense and a man is found guilty, he should be hanged, whether white or black, and there is no excuse for mob law. I conceive it to be our duty as governors to declare for law and order."

We call the attention of the heretofore derelict governor of California and our grossly culpable lieutenant governor to the plain language of Governor Shafroth. Because the two chief newspaper supporters of the Johnson-Wallace regime were opposed to capital punishment the state executive for months, on the slimmest pretext, refused to carry out the mandates of courts and juries in this regard. The acting governor, in the continued absence of his principal on a self-seeking political mission, not only ignored the constitution he had taken oath to uphold, but setting himself above courts, juries and evidence, commuted

the sentence of one of the most vicious murderers known to the criminal annals of the state. While denouncing the indefensible conduct of the South Carolinian executive let us not forget the equally reprehensible attitude of our own peccant officials.

In this connection we would commend the action of the Sacramento County Pomona Grange which recently passed resolutions emphatically condemning the procedure of Lieut.-Gov. Wallace in commuting the death penalty of George Figueroa to life imprisonment. Of course, the request of the grange that such action be annulled by the governor cannot be met, but the sentiment adopted favoring capital punishment for wilful murder and protesting against official interference save for mitigating cause, believing that innocent members of society are entitled to such protection as only the proper enforcement of the laws can give, undoubtedly reflects the viewpoint of all rational citizens.

GREAT BRITAIN'S TOLL PROTEST

GREAT BRITAIN'S formal note of protest against discrimination in regard to canal tolls is no whit stronger than the objections uttered by United States senators in the upper chamber of congress when the canal bill was debated several months ago. Senator Root, notably, led in the demand for an observance of the terms of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty and the maintenance of the integrity of his country whose honor was threatened by the proposal to ignore the pledges guaranteeing equal rights to all nations. To assert, as the President did when he approved the canal bill, that "all nations" excludes the United States is a contention that is difficult to maintain. Not only is it illogical, but it is at variance with the provisions of the treaty which specifically state that the canal shall be open to British and United States vessels on terms of equal treatment. This would seem effectually to dispose of Mr. Taft's theory.

Sir Edward Grey makes a strong point when he says that the exemption of coastwise shipping from tolls would violate the undertaking that the tolls should be "just and equitable." How can it be an equitable arrangement that imposes the charge of upkeep on a portion of the shipping only, relieving another portion of any share in the burden? Congress has held, and unfairly, we believe, that this country having built the canal it has the right to dictate its own terms, regardless of treaties. This is the attitude of an unconscionable bully. Besides, follow that argument to its logical conclusion and we are found placing the entire cost of building the canal on foreign vessels. What becomes of the "equal treatment" guaranteed by the treaty in view of such discrimination?

It has been argued that coastwise vessels in nowise entered into competition with foreign carriers, hence the exemption worked no injury to other nations. We have before exposed this fallacy and we find Sir Edward Grey emphasizing the preferential position such exemption assures. "It might be," he declares, "that a cargo intended for a United States port beyond the canal in either direction, shipped on a foreign vessel, could be sent to its destination more cheaply by being landed at a United States port before reaching the canal and thence forwarded as coastwise trade," which is precisely the view we took in arguing that unfair discrimination would result from the exemptions made. "Moreover," urges the British minister for foreign affairs, "American vessels also may combine foreign commerce with coastwise trade, thereby entering into direct competition with foreign vessels while they retained the right of free passage through the canal. These results would fall more severely on British shipping than on any other."

Throughout, Sir Edward Grey's note of protest is keyed in quiet tones, and is more of a friendly exception than a blustering complaint. Arbitrate if we must, is his concluding word, but, preferably, let us get together and settle our differences without litigation. He expresses the hope that sober second thought will cause congress to reverse its initial action. It is mortifying to citizens having a regard for national honor to find a United States senator sug-

gesting that if we can stave off this question until after next June the five-year agreement to submit to the arbitration court all differences of a legal nature between Great Britain and the United States will have lapsed and our obligation to arbitrate will cease. There is a sinister thought lurking in this suggestion that we dare not submit our case to a fair minded tribunal and that by sharp practice we may evade trial and dodge consequences. But the sword is two-edged. What we may gain in withdrawing from the court of arbitration in this instance may prove terribly costly at another time through the refusal of Great Britain to have any dealings with a country that repudiates its solemn treaties and by a Yankee trick wriggles out of its pledges.

It is a poor rule that doesn't work both ways. The United States could never afford to be guilty of "welching." Better follow the smug advice of "Poor Richard" which admonishes that "honesty is the best policy" than play the cur. Wholly aside from the ethics of the question, we believe congress to be wrong in admitting any vessels to the canal free of tolls. The burden of upkeep should be borne by all shipping equitably. Here is a vast undertaking costing the country \$400,000,000. Why should coastwise vessels already enjoying a monopoly of such traffic be further pampered? The consumer will reap no benefit. The excess profits will not make freights cheaper, but rather increase the dividends to ship-owners. Already, they have in sight a big saving in the cost of handling cargoes amounting to five dollars a ton. Will the consuming public get it all? Not likely. As to the \$1.25 a ton on canal freights it should be imposed on all alike, first, in accordance with the terms of the treaty, second, because it is good business principle to make the canal self-supporting, third, because the exemption is special privilege and unjust to the masses.

COST OF OUR PUBLIC SCHOOL SYSTEM

EDUCATION in California is no child's play. Exclusive of the support given the state university and normal schools the cost of maintaining our public school system for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1912, was within a few thousands of \$24,000,000. Add the five millions required for the higher institutions of learning and we have a total annual charge on the commonwealth of nearly \$29,000,000, a tremendous item in the expense budget. The statistician in the office of the state superintendent of schools estimates that it costs about \$59.20 a year for each child to attend the public school. The daily average attendance in kindergartens, elementary and high schools was 414,078, a fairly healthy refutation of any race suicide tendency in the state.

It is interesting to know that the 80,673 children in the elementary schools of Los Angeles county received their education for the fiscal year noted at a cost to the taxpayers of \$3,920,856, a sum more than a million in excess of that spent by San Francisco on its 48,248 same grade scholars. Our high school pupils, 14,336 of them, cost us \$2,301,445, as compared with \$836,248 spent in the northern metropolis on its 4,016 students. Kindergartens in this county required \$156,972 to care for the 6,839 children attending. San Francisco used only \$858 on its seventy kindergartners. This comparison in detail is interesting. It shows:

| | kind'g'n | elem't'y | h. s. |
|--------------------------|-----------|-------------|-------------|
| Los Angeles (pupils) ... | 6,839 | 80,673 | 14,336 |
| San Francisco (") ... | 70 | 48,248 | 4,016 |
| Los Angeles (cost) ... | \$156,972 | \$3,920,856 | \$2,301,445 |
| San Francisco (") ... | 858 | 2,907,913 | 836,248 |
| Los Angeles (staff) .. | 208 | 2,173 | 712 |
| San Francisco (") ... | 1 | 1,176 | 73 |

Analyzing these comparisons we find that the kindergarten, as 70 to 6,839, cost Los Angeles county about \$22.80 a year for each child to \$12.25 in San Francisco. The average yearly cost of the elementary pupil in Los Angeles county was \$48.50 as contrasted with \$62.50 in San Francisco, while the high schools at home show an average charge of \$160 for each student as compared with \$208 in the northern city.

Githa Sowerby's Drama of Souls of Flint---By Randolph Bartlett

(TWENTY-THIRD OF A SERIES OF PAPERS ON MODERN DRAMAS)

RUTHERFORD & SON" is one of the greatest plays ever written in the English language. Of the moderns, Galsworthy alone has approached it in force, and he has seldom reached so high a standard of unity and directness. Synge probably would have equaled it had he lived, but the six dramas he left deal with people too remote to produce such a strong, personal impression. Shaw's serious plays are seldom dramatic, and when they are there is always a frill of satire that adds charm but subtracts strength. With all the singleness of idea of Ibsen and the technique of Strindberg, this hitherto unknown writer—a young woman, too, the reports say—has created a realistic drama that is worthy of a place beside the masterpieces of the Scandinavians, the Teutons or the Slavs.

"Rutherford & Son" is not a play with a purpose. It reveals no pitfall awaiting the sexes; it clamors of no industrial wrong, no social evil, no national injustice; it waves no red rag of revolution in the face of dogma of religion or politics; in short, it neither teaches nor preaches. Moreover (and likewise hallelujah) it employs no obscure symbolism, follows no tapestried allegory, contains no veiled allusions. Nor is this all. It is based on no abstruse psychology, its characters suffer from no loathsome diseases, in its dialogue is found no discussion of old or new philosophy. Finally, it has no marriages, no deaths, no "betrayals," no "faithless" wives or husbands.

This would seem to eliminate finally all possible subjects for a Modern Drama (with capitals). Being rather in the revolutionary line myself I would be the last to scorn any of these dramatic motives, but I must confess to a certain sense of relief in having at last encountered a great play in which the characters are healthy, normal and human, speak the English language "even as you and I," and for the time being know only that there is something they want, and proceed to take the shortest route toward the consummation of that desire, each as he sees his own way.

One huge figure looms throughout the play—John Rutherford. Whether he is on the stage or off, his influence is there, towering over everyone, smothering here, throttling there—one of those human glaciers, pursuing his way inexorably toward a certain purpose. "Move with me or be crushed by me" he says in effect to everyone with whom he comes in contact, relatives, servants, business associates, and he will continue so to the end unless he clashes with a stronger force. He is the owner of a glass foundry, which has been an hereditary possession, and in this enterprise his entire life centers. If he wants a thing, "It's for Rutherford's" is all the excuse he needs to take it by whatever means is most expeditious. He had hoped to leave his business to his sons eventually, but they are both disappointments. Dick, a weakling in manhood, is a curate. John, the elder, never has accomplished anything. He left Rutherford's to make his own way in the city, but married a poor girl, and after their child was born, was forced to humble himself and crawl back to the paternal roof and take a minor position in "The Works." Ann, Rutherford's sister, lives in placid acceptance of his absolute rule. Janet, his middle-aged daughter, is surly and morose, but revolt would be her last thought. Martin, his general foreman, is nothing but a sort of superior slave and spy, his personality utterly melted away in the furnaces of Rutherford's, which he has tended for a quarter of a century. Finally, there is John's wife, Mary, a quiet young woman, rather timid among these flinty souls, just a characteristic mother, satisfied if they will but give her house room for herself and her child, and contented not to be much in evidence so long as nothing threatens her own little world. So the play opens in the Rutherford home:

JANET (Glancing at the clock). He's not back yet.

ANN. No—if you mean your father.

JANET (Folding up cloth preparatory to laying the table). Why else should I mean?

ANN. You might mean any one—You always talk about "he" and "him" as if there was no one else in the house.

JANET. There isn't.

Thus does Rutherford dominate the play from the beginning. It is not until half the act is over that he appears, and yet he has so completely sapped the individualities of all those with whom he comes in contact that they have no independent existence. It appears that John has invented a new process which will mean a fortune to the glass maker who adopts it, but John declares he has made up his mind that now his father must settle with him. He has worked it out with the help of the trusted foreman, Martin. Father and son come face to face and the master

of Rutherford's demands the secret of the new process:

JOHN (in a high-pitched, nervous voice). I—I'm a business man, and I want to know where I stand. (Rutherford breaks into a laugh). Oh, you turn me into an impudent school-boy, but I'm not. I'm a man, with a thing in my mind worth a fortune.

ANN. John! (Asserting her authority) You must tell your father.

JOHN (Very excited). I shan't tell him 'till I've taken out my patent, so there. (There is a pause—Rutherford stares at his son).

RUTHERFORD (Heavily). What d'ye mean?

JOHN. I mean what I say. I want my price.

RUTHERFORD. Your price—your price? (Bringing his fist down on the table). Damn your impudence, sir. A whippersnapper like you to talk about your price.

JOHN (Losing his temper). I'm not a whippersnapper. I've got something to sell and you want to buy it, and there's an end.

RUTHERFORD. To buy? To sell? And this to your father?

JOHN. To any man who wants what I've made. (There is a dead silence on this, broken only by an involuntary nervous movement from the rest of the family. Then Rutherford speaks without moving).

RUTHERFORD. Ah! So that's your line, is it?—This is what I get for all I've done for you—This is the result of the schooling I give you.

JOHN (With an attempt at a swagger). I suppose you mean Harrow.

RUTHERFORD. It was two hundred pound—that's what I mean.

JOHN. And you gave me a year of it!

RUTHERFORD. And a lot of good you've got of it—What ha' you done with it? Idled your time away wi' your books o' poetry when you should ha' been working. Married a wife who bears you a bairn you can't keep. (At a movement from Mary.) Aye—hard words mebbe. What will you do for your son when the time comes? I've toiled and sweated to give you a name you'd be proud to own—worked early and late, toiled like a dog when other men were taking their ease—plotted and planned to get my chance, taken it and held it when it came till I could ha' burst with the struggle. Sell! You talk o' selling to me, when everything you'll ever make couldn't pay back the life I've given to you!

JOHN. Oh, I know, I know.

ANN. You mustn't answer your father, John.

JOHN. Well, after all, I didn't ask to be born.

RUTHERFORD. Nor did the little lad, God help him.

JOHN (Rapidly). Look here father—why did you send me to Harrow?

RUTHERFORD. Why? To make a gentleman of you, and because I thought they'd teach you better than the Grammar School. I was mistaken.

JOHN. They don't turn out good clerks and office boys.

RUTHERFORD. What's that?

JOHN. I've been both for five years. Only I've had no salary.

RUTHERFORD. You've been put to learn your business like any other young fellow. I began at the bottom—you've got to do the same. There'll not be two masters at Rutherford's while I'm on my legs.

JOHN. That's it, that's it. You make a servant of me.

So the deadlock stands. The son demands a price, the father will not buy, but demands the invention as his right.

Dick, the priggish curate, has his turn next. He tells his father he wants to accept another position—hasn't the strength of mind to say he is going to do so, and go ahead, but mumbles along, and finally betrays the fact that his sister, the morose Janet, makes nocturnal visits to the cottage of Martin, and blames this for his inability to wield a good influence over the men of the neighborhood. To Rutherford the family name is next to the works themselves. He summons Martin, and by the sheer weight of his personality, and holding up the fetish of "The Works," makes him, who was previously regarded as an absolutely trustworthy plodder, give up the secret of John's invention. This done, he turns Janet out of the house and Martin away from Rutherford's, the fact that the one has become a drudge and the other a blind slave for him, weighing nothing against the fact that they have transgressed his laws of conduct. John, in a frenzy of anger at the theft of his invention, breaks into his father's strong box, takes out an insignificant sum, and decamps to "make his way in the world alone," leaving Mary to face Rutherford. So the house is emptied save for the young mother, the decrepit Ann, and the uncompromising czar. Mary tells the old man that she has a bargain to make—a prospective heir to Rutherford's for sale, to replace the worthless son and the rebellious one, that the all-embracing establish-

ment may remain in the family, that there may be a Rutherford to carry on the work in the years to come:

MARY. For ten years he's to be absolutely mine, to do what I like with. You mustn't interfere—you mustn't tell him to do things or frighten him. He's mine. For ten years more.

RUTHERFORD. And after that?

MARY. He'll be yours.

RUTHERFORD. To train up. For Rutherford's? You'd trust your son to me?

MARY. Yes.

RUTHERFORD. After all? After Dick, that I've bullied till he's a fool? John, that's wished me dead?

MARY. In ten years you'll be an old man; you won't be able to make people afraid of you any more.

RUTHERFORD. Ah! Because o' that? And because I have the power?

MARY. Yes. And there'll be money for his clothes—and you'll leave the Works to him when you die. (There is a silence. He sits motionless looking at her).

RUTHERFORD. You've got a fair notion of business—for a woman.

MARY. I've earned my living. I know all that that teaches a woman.

RUTHERFORD. It's taught you one thing—to have an eye to the main chance.

MARY—You think I'm bargaining for myself?

RUTHERFORD. You get a bit out of it, don't you?

MARY. What?

RUTHERFORD. A roof over your head—the shelter of a good name—your keep—things not so easy to come by, my son's wife wi' a husband that goes off and leaves you to live on his father's charity. (There is a pause).

MARY (Slowly). There'll be a woman living in the house—year after year with the fells closed round her. She'll sit and sew at the window and see the chimneys flare in the dark; lock up, and give you the keys at night—

RUTHERFORD. You've got your bairn.

MARY. Yes, I've got him! For ten years. (They sit silent.) Is it a bargain?

RUTHERFORD. Ay. (She gets up with a movement of relief. As he speaks again she turns facing him.) You think me a hard man. So I am. But I'm wondering if I could ha' stood up as you're standing and done what you've done.

MARY. I love my child. That makes me hard.

Thus does each pursue his ideal to its logical conclusion. Rutherford's world was "The Works" and he sacrificed everything to it. Mary's was her child, and she was willing to live the unutterably dreary life of Rutherford's home, for the sake of the boy. John's sole motive was to escape from a condition which had made him incapable of success when he did escape, and in his blind rage he cast away all ideas of fitting himself into the scheme of the industry which his inventive ability was revolutionizing. Dick simply demanded ease and freedom from struggle, and he achieved it in his snivelling way. Janet found that she was a woman and that her woman's cravings could not be stifled, so she gave herself, unsought and unwooed, to her father's servant. Martin had lost all his ideals and personal hopes, and had become a mere wheel in Rutherford's. Removed from the machine he was merely so much human junk. For absolute consistency of characterization the play has no superior in any language or any period.

This is no tinkling little romance to engage a maiden's fancy for a midsummer's afternoon. Along this little pathway I have sketched, Githa Sowerby propels a huge, grinding, flame-belching machine. It needs no steering-gear, for it moves in but one direction. There is tension in every line, in every speech. Anything which does not contribute to the one, central idea, has been ruthlessly cast aside. For unity, perfect sequence, and incessant dramatic situations it has no superior in English, and only falls short of that supreme greatness which would make it a masterpiece of all time by dealing with a situation and with people which, while human and entirely rational, are lacking in universal interest. That intense individuality of characters which makes this drama great, in itself inhibits the broadest value as a world-drama.

This does not mar the excellence of the work, as a pure dramatic achievement, however. In creation of atmosphere it is equal to the finest work of Gorky and Tchekof, but these two Russians were satisfied with atmosphere for its own sake, and apparently cared nothing for dramatic periods or sequence of events toward a definite conclusion. And again, "Rutherford & Son" has all the irresistible centripetal effect of a Strindberg play, tending logically and inevitably toward the only possible denouement, but Strindberg's people are not of this world, nor yet of any other but his own mental purgatory. To have

combined the good and avoided the bad points of two such distinguished schools is to have accomplished something which warrants the prediction that, unless this is indeed a marvelous accident, Githa Sowerby is a name which yet will call for the biggest display type.

("Rutherford & Son," by Githa Sowerby. George H. Doran Co.)

(Next week—Two plays by Charles Rann Kennedy, "The Terrible Meek" and "The Winterfeast.")

ON MARSEILLES BAY IN A MOTOR BOAT

IMPOSSIBLE to describe are the beauty and interest of the port of Marseilles, the outlying islands, the grey hills behind, and the broad expanse of the great, open bay beyond. There is a wealth of color here that is unusual even in Mediterranean ports, and there is an exotic strangeness hanging over everything that is difficult to explain. I often ask myself here what it is that makes everything look so foreign, so unlike anything we have, even in our harbors and ports, in America. For, of course, this same class of sailors comes to us. The east-side docks of New York, the shipping end of Boston, gather the same mixture of seamen of all lands. There are these same low drinking places, these same pedlars, these same fishermen mending their nets. There are these great masses of bales and barrels smelling of the tropics and the orient. Then why is everything, the very atmosphere of the whole scene, so utterly different here in Marseilles? I find it impossible to answer this question. It is just that vague difference which one feels rather than sees. And to feel it, to be immersed in it, is delightful indeed.

I found that the man who owned and ran my boat was a Corsican, a waterman who had been several times around the world both in the merchant marine and in the French navy. A fisherman he was and a pilot, and no doubt a pirate and a smuggler too when opportunity offered. But for the time being he was just a quiet boatman hiring out his motor-boat to any customer who came along, though I found his manner very evasive when I asked him if that was his regular occupation. He spoke a most extraordinary dialect and he had a man with him—for what purpose would be hard to guess, for one man can easily run such a little boat—who spoke a still more outrageous dialect. This latter was altogether incomprehensible to me, but he was anxious to talk and talk he did, much to my amusement. For what he had to tell me was evidently not entirely to the taste of the captain, and the latter, called upon to translate, was frequently much embarrassed what to tell me. Probably, his boss's lies were not large enough to suit him. It was as good as a play. I asked the captain how high the bridge-ferry supports were. Like a flash he had an answer, and like a flash his assistant gave a huge grunt. I asked him how much gasoline he had in his boat, wanting to go far outside, and he answered: "Two hundred litres." To which the boss muttered in a low tone: "If it only doesn't give out before we get home!" Of course, there was nothing like two hundred litres, and I afterward saw the captain furtively examining his tank and looking under his seat at the cans he had there. I give this merely as an example of the amusing play of words and grunts that went on between these two equally grotesque old salts.

But if I was amused on this boat trip I was also entranced. This Old Port is small and in a few minutes we were passing out between the fortifications which guard its entrance. This entrance faces about west or northwest, and toward the north, all along the coast, new basins have been built, breakwaters having been thrown up for a distance of five or six miles, and the extension is still going on at the farther end. It was my intention when I started out to go into these basins. The great blue bay beyond with its beautiful islands, its swarm of fish-boats with their white sails looking like birds sitting on the water, was a greater attraction. But my boatman did not seem to like the looks of the weather which was cloudy and somewhat windy. In the passage of the harbor mouth between the Old Port and the entrance of the new basins we could feel the drag ends of a rather heavy swell. I said, "Go straight out." But the boatman affected not to understand and turned into the new basins.

I did not insist. The sight of the lines and lines of steamers drawn up along these wharves and of several very large steamers just entering the basins at the far end was enough to take my attention and satisfy me for the present. But there is little to describe in these new basins. They are essentially modern. Steamers there are here by the dozen, steamers from all lands with names in all sorts of languages and crews black, white and yellow. Beyond, to our right, rises the city, and, still beyond, the beautiful hills with their cedars,—these grassless slopes and the dark trees somehow picturing my idea of the Holy Land.

After a time as we zigzag in and out of the var-

ious basins and wharves we pass beneath the stern of that great steamer just coming in drawn along very slowly by two tugs. It is one of the line of English boats that goes to India, and there is a gay looking holiday crowd on board. At last we get to the end of this long line of basins. There, before us, perhaps five miles away, is the long point which forms the end of this open bay. Along it, high up on the hillside, a railroad is being constructed with many massive stone viaducts. Here and there are stone quarries, cement works and tile manufactories. My boatman tells me that a tunnel is being dug under this hill to connect the Rhone Canal with Marseilles. "How long is it to be?" I asked. "Forty kilometres," said my boatman; and his worthy assistant gave a huge grunt. I afterward found that the length of the thing might be two or three kilometres!

"Now," I said, "we'll go back outside." The captain shrugged his shoulders but made no objection. Probably, the weather suited him better, or, perhaps, having assured himself as to the contents of his gasoline tank he felt easier about it. However that may be, he turned out of the breakwater and was soon in the open sea.

This is called a bay but is so open that there is practically no protection from the waves and weather at all. The great wind known as the "mistral" comes from the north and sweeps across the bay with terrific force, at times catching the fisherfolk and sweeping them to destruction on the rocks at the far end of the bay twenty miles or more away. But there was no "mistral" on this day, nor did the weather look at all like it. There was a stiff breeze from the west, the flag end of a rain storm which the west wind always brings. The sea was covered with little white caps and I was sprayed and splashed but that did not bother me.

Going toward home the islands, the fortifications, and the church of Notre Dame de la Garde all lay directly before us. These islands, very high and rocky and devoid of all vegetation, take on tint after tint of the pale browns and yellows producing a wonderful contrast with the deep, deep blue of the water. I have rarely seen anything more beautiful. No painter of landscapes could imagine such tones, and only a "modern" could even approximately represent them, and then only by sacrificing everything to color. Notre Dame, with its golden statue, is imposing but dreadfully tawdry, and the entire landscape would be more attractive without it, especially as they have spoilt the effect largely by building an elevator to it, an inclined railway or something of the sort; I have never been on it, and never will be.

It is most curious to observe how utterly different this coast is from the landscape ordinary in France. Coming south from Paris the change is almost quite sudden and does not take place until one is just within sight of the coast. Then you suddenly find yourself in Africa. From fertile plains and vine-clad hills you jump to bare yellow slopes darkened only by the foliage of the queer shaped cedars. This whole Riviera is, like California, a different land in its natural state to what it is when cultivated. The Riviera of Nice and Monte Carlo has been beautified (?) until nothing of its original aspect remains. But nothing in their flower-beds and rows of palms can compare in tint and shade with these natural blendings of yellow hill, dark tree and sky and water that change with every new phase of the wind.

It is as impossible to try to describe these things as it would be to describe a piece of music. Imagine yourself in a little open boat far out at the entrance of a broad, open bay. To the right of you is nothing but water all broken into hills and valleys, foaming with white caps that roll up to the boat and break with a huge splash against the side; behind you is a long, silent hill, broken here and there by stone viaducts, grey against the pale brown, but showing not a single house, not a single field or vineyard, scarcely a tree; to your left, far away, is the shore,—lines of masts and funnels flanked by warehouses, and farther beyond the city rising and crawling in irregular lines about the multi-colored hills; in front of you, long islands of that same pale yellow color, and far beyond them, in the dim distance, more hill laid out in irregular shapes and broken here and there with bands and stripes of color which may be towns, trees or the shadows of cliffs.

But even the best of things cannot last forever. As we near the entrance of the Old Port and turn our stern to the waves it gets wetter and wetter,—and I am also getting most painfully hungry and at last am not sorry when we pull up alongside of the dock. Later on, I wandered about town, up the hill to Notre Dame de la Grande from which the view is broad, but not especially interesting except in certain lights, and around the "Corniche," a beautiful road which runs from the city around the edge of the cliff close to the water and quite makes the circuit of the hill on which stands Notre Dame. This is the only part of the city that is at all like Nice and the other famous Riviera resorts. On cold

days in winter when the sun is shining it is always warm here and one sees the mock "winter climate" of the Riviera. In other words, if you stick safely under a cliff with southern exposure you will enjoy summer weather, but you have to stay stuck, and you have also to pray for sun. For in cloudy weather it is almost as cold here as it is in Paris.

Next morning proved to be warm and clear. I said to myself when I got up and went out in my balcony while waiting for coffee that there would probably be a "mistral," for that warm, too warm, perfectly still, a little foggy, weather is frequently followed by wind toward the middle of the morning. But it was delightful. It was the real winter of the south, the kind you read about in books (guide books!) I was all impatience to reach my boat and get out in the bay, but, half way down, I turned back and bought myself a heavy, woollen jacket, for I have lived in this town before.

I found my man waiting for me and was soon out of the harbor, soon out of sight of the city beyond the point to the east of the harbor entrance. It was as warm and delightful as possible,—a perfect day. There was hardly a ripple on the water and the fleet of fishers, just starting out, were using their oars, their sails flapping or half furled against the long gaff. These fishermen are a silent crew and sat or stood in their boats smoking their short pipes or cigarettes without a word, though at times, from the distance, I caught a snatch of song.

We followed the bend of the coast, the bend which curves first in and then out to a long, long point, high and wooded, with villages scattered on it, stretching to a dim distance which I meant to reach that morning, but did not, as will be seen. Here the rocks run straight down into the deep water. The water is clear as crystal and a deep, deep green. There are no weeds or growing things that one can see on the smooth bottom, but fishermen are here dragging nets to catch the "oursin" which lies on the sand or rock. Farther out there are other fishermen with lines or nets, and everywhere are boats pushing slowly out to the fishing grounds far beyond the islands.

After a time we come to an end of the cliffs and find a sandy beach lined with bath houses. This is both summer and winter resort and is connected with the city by several car lines. We turn out with the coast under the houses of a small town which rises with the hills of the point. The view behind us is wonderful indeed. The long islands with their castle-like fortifications lie like a mirage in the thin mist which hangs over the water. The water there in the distance is turning black with wind-ripples, and, about the time the first puffs of the wind reach us, our engine begins to act queer and miss fire. I saw myself landing down somewhere on the point where the wind would take us if the motor quit for good and finding my way back to the city by whatever conveyance was available. But it did not come to that. Whatever the trouble was with the motor it did not increase and carried us home safely.

But the wind was soon blowing a regular gale. Without a word my boatman turned toward the islands, taking the wind head on. This carried us straight across the bay far from land and the views on both sides were truly magnificent. Far out the Plannier light stands up, like a tower with no base, in the mist, now rapidly clearing away before sun and wind. Toward shore the whole coast is now perfectly clear and brilliantly luminous, the yellow soil being ever more sharply cut out against the dark of the trees and the purple shadows. Everybody is now flying for home. Fishermen hastily drawing their nets, taking reefs in their sails, and getting under way. It is a pretty sight, this flock of white sails.

There is little more to tell. Our own course lay straight to the islands, the water getting smoother and smoother as we crept under their lee, and then a short dash for the harbor, rather wet and rough but not too disagreeable, and then I find myself back again in old Marseilles. It is delightful to have a place like that always in reach. To be able to leave Paris any morning and be on this beautiful coast the same evening. I make no attempt to describe the place as a whole. It would take more space than I have at my command and has been done often enough already. But it is worth a trip, especially if one is fond of boating.

Paris, Nov. 29, 1912. FRANK PATTERSON.

Bank Stocks Gilt Edge

Several of the banks of the city are expected to announce increased dividend disbursements with their New Year payments. One of the most important of these institutions, whose shares have been jumping in the open market recently, is to show earnings for the year that will justify payment to stockholders of more than four per cent increase over the dividend of 1911. I look for a larger banking boom after January 1, when the First National and the German Savings are housed in their new homes at Seventh and Spring streets.

FACTORY WORK IN NEW YORK TENEMENTS

THAT New York state factory investigating commission appointed two years ago to make a study of conditions has been ascertaining through trained eyes the conditions under which various industries carry on their activities. At present hearings are being held preliminary to making the final report which is due at the beginning of the new year. At these hearings the commission endeavors to obtain a fair presentation of both sides of the case and a discussion of provisions which should appear in the bills it may consider the part of wisdom to suggest to the legislature. This week the commission has been considering home-work or manufacturing that is given out from factories to be done in tenements. The fact basis for the hearing was supplied by Miss Elizabeth Watson who with her corps of investigators has looked into the matter from every possible point of view. Various manufacturers were subpoenaed, but their testimony under the skilful questioning of the counsel served merely to corroborate the findings of Miss Watson. The great principle that governs home work according to Miss Watson is wage. The houseworker is invariably paid less than the factory worker for the same operation and the manufacturer saves not only wages but overhead charges. Therefore, home-work is found in every industry that permits it. Any article or any part of an article that can conveniently be taken away from the factory finds its way into the tenements.

* * *

Clothing, especially men's coats and trousers, is carried home in great bundles on the bowed backs of the workers for the removal of bastings and the finishing of seams and linings, artificial flowers, embroidery, crochet, sewing buttons and hooks and eyes on cards, finishing and running ribbons in underwear, making doll's bodies, arms and legs and clothing, sticking bristles in brushes, picking out nuts, packing cigarette papers are the principal home industries. The terrific part of the system is that it is impossible to supervise house-work and under present conditions it pulls down every labor and wage law that is passed. There are forty-one licensed articles that may be given out to be made in licensed tenements, and any number of unlicensed articles, but there are not inspectors enough. A house may have its license taken away but the people in it continue to work. Miss Watson testified that eighty percent of the home-workers give false addresses so that it is impossible to know where the work goes. The various manufacturers stated that they had no system of inspection. If a person looks all right and brings back the work properly done no questions are asked. It may or may not come in contact with contagious disease, and this disease may be carried to the unsuspecting purchaser. The greater part of home-work is done by women and children and the burden it throws upon them is unbelievable. The fifty-four hour bill passed last year is a farce to the home-worker, and the child labor law that sets the working age limit at fourteen years also is a travesty. Long hours, night work, poor wages, child labor, spread of disease are the necessary accompaniments of this vicious system.

* * *

Women have been found making the pretty dainty crochet caps that infants wear for as little as one cent an hour. Four or five cents an hour is common, ten cents an hour most unusual. Women earn as little as fifty cents in a week. The average home worker earns one dollar and a half a week. At the rate of pay it is not surprising that they must enlist the help of children. Little ones of three years have been found separating the petals of flowers so that the mothers can work faster. Hour after hour they sit and finally they become stunted in mind and body from lack of air, no exercise and improper food. The mother in the throes of home-work cannot stop to prepare food for her children. It is simpler to fill them up on bread and tea. Dr. Daniels testified that she had seen women working in the room with children suffering from measles, scarlet fever, infantile paralysis, tuberculosis; that she had seen a child of seven whipped because it could not work faster or longer. This child was called every morning at five o'clock to begin the day's work and it worked all day. This means that in many cases children are kept out of school altogether. If they go to school they work after they come home until eight or nine at night or in many cases until ten or twelve. One mother said she let the children work until they fall asleep. The youngest dropped off about eight, the oldest about eleven. It is not surprising that teachers find these children "stupid."

* * *

Miss Francis Perkins told of a woman with a dependent grandchild who crochets slippers for a living. She begins work at 4:30 in the morning and keeps it up until 8 at night. From sheer exhaustion she then falls asleep, but after an hour or two she wakes and begins again to keep it up until 2:30. She gets forty cents a dozen pairs for crocheting slippers

it would be infinitely better for society at large and this woman in particular if she were supported entirely by charity and home work forbidden. Another case described was that of a woman whose husband and it takes her two days to do a dozen. Of course, she cannot earn enough to pay her rent. This is given her by a charitable society. Miss Perkins thought was out of work and the burden of caring for five children fell upon her. They lived in a dark, insanitary tenement and the woman worked eighteen hours a day. She did not have time to lift her eyes from her work, she could not see that her children had out-door air or proper food. The oldest was nine, the youngest six months. The work was skilled. The mother had spent many hours trying to teach the little nine year old to do it, but had finally given up, for intricate patterns in passamenterie were beyond the little fingers. As the child could not help the mother tried to eke out the family income in another way. She took a baby to board. This baby after a short time died from neglect. She secured another baby to board, which infant, when the visitor called, looked as if it could not live through the night. The mother was asked if she had taken the baby to a doctor. She said she had not had time. She could not take the time that meant bread for her own children to give a stranger's baby the care it needed so that little life went out.

* * *

Most interesting pictures were secured by Miss Watson. Some of them showed the way in which nuts are picked. The shells are cracked in the factory and given out to tenements. The pictures showed the nuts piled high on a table and father, mother and children at work upon them, at times picking with their fingers, at times with a hairpin, at times helping themselves out with their teeth. One picture showed a man making the cigarette wrappers that are sold to exclusive clubs and to individuals who like their cigarettes monogrammed. The man is paid by the thousand to make cigarettes and he cannot afford to paste wrappers in the factory. He therefore does them at home with the assistance of his family. The picture showed him licking the dried glue. When one considers how many tenement made articles are to wear or to eat the situation seems appalling. No matter what price a customer pays for a garment, no matter how exclusive may be the store where he buys it, he has no guarantee that it has been made under good conditions. In exclusive Fifth avenue shops as well as in cheap department stores goods are finished or made in this way. The facts disclosed are disturbing and it is hoped that the commission will take steps toward remedial legislation.

New York, Dec. 7, 1912.

ANNE PAGE.

After Irresponsible Corporations

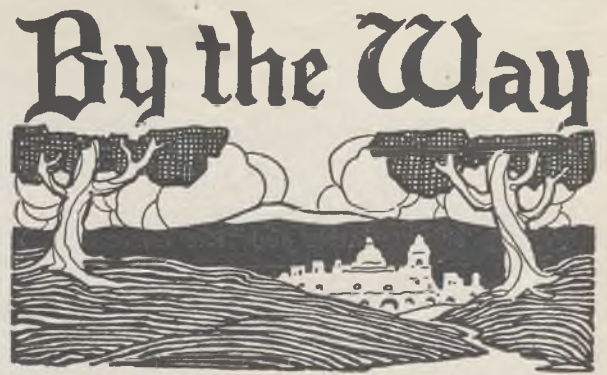
As was to have been expected, there is great divergence of opinion in the matter of the proposed new law to regulate irresponsible corporations. The facts appear to be that instead of consulting those whose experiences might have proved of value, the ones responsible for the agitation have been proceeding blindly. Evidently, every interest is perfectly willing to regulate the other fellow, but insists that, personally, it must be let alone. The stock exchange, which first called attention to the frightful losses annually sustained by investors through the purchase of worthless securities, has to this time been entirely overlooked in the campaign, although its officers know more about conditions than any one else, and banking interests have been similarly ignored. It has been suggested that the subject be left entirely to Senator Gates, who if not disturbed, will draft a law that may prove drastic in spots, but is certain to hurt only such persons as need to be legislated against.

Dark Designs on County Charter

County charter tinkering is to be attempted by the legislature in January, if plans under way are carried into effect. A report is in circulation that a purse has been raised to defeat the new instrument, several officers being anxious to continue existing conditions for at least two years, when their terms expire. Senator Gates and Senator Hewitt are to be in charge of the new county charter, and an effort is to be made to have the instrument ratified early in the coming legislative session.

All Aboard for Eighth Street

Today is moving day for the Los Angeles Investment Company, and all the officers and employees from President Charles Elder, his assistant, Ernest Ingold, Advertising Director L. B. McConville, Secretary Deeble and the various salesmen, stenographers, office boys et alios, can be seen carrying their effects from the old Hill street quarters into the new building at Eighth and Hill streets. The new structure is one of the sights of the city and shows a remarkable achievement in cooperative building. More than 25,000 persons own shares in the new edifice.



Dr. Graves—Nature Lover

This being my annual book number it is eminently fitting that the By-the-Way column shall lead with a tribute to Dr. Graves—referring, of course, to Jackson A. Graves, LL.D.—new book, "Out of Doors: California and Oregon." I have noted with deep interest Dr. Graves' evolution from a lawyer to a banker, thence to an author. It is not often that lawyers get into the banking field, but I have known of bankers turning author, as witness the late Edmund Clarence Stedman who wrote charming verse and no less readable prose. Dr. Graves—his alma mater conferred the degree on him last summer—has a genuine love for out of doors and his descriptive powers are of a high order of merit. He knows California to its remotest peaks and deepest canyons and every scent that blows across the valleys can be classified by him without hesitation. A capital story teller, terse and vivid, having a keen instinct for the dramatic and a fine scorn for the non-essentials, a good yarn loses nothing at his hands. Whether it is a motor ride southward, an old-time deer hunt, a trip in the Sierras or a reminiscence of the early days in California Dr. Graves is always interesting. His style is breezy and direct, his diction smooth and expressive. At times he waxes fairly eloquent as witness his description of the beauties of the Tule River Canyon, really a vivid piece of writing only possible in a true nature lover. The book is embellished with numbers of full-page photographic halftone reproductions done in sepia on embossed paper. Mechanically, the little volume is a handsome example of typographical art, adding to the joy of the reader and reflecting great credit on the Grafton Publishing Company.

Activity in Banking Circles

Los Angeles is on the eve of a banking boom, according to those in touch with financial affairs, because of the belief that the Panama canal will bring thousands of people here from the several ports of the Mediterranean. The Italian Bank of San Francisco, one of the solid institutions of that city, is anxious to open a branch here, and has approached the International Savings Bank and similar institutions, without result. Also, I learn that the Home Savings Bank, which recently increased its capital, is about to secure additional funds. It is said that the National Bank of Commerce has been taken over and negotiations are pending for two of the city's smaller institutions. The Farmers and Merchants Bank has given clearing house notice that with the first of the new year it will discontinue its experiment of paying ordinary interest on deposits. Bank stocks are again on the move.

Cash Commissions Assured

With the payment of cash to the amount of half a million dollars, the practical retirement of the Stewart influence from the Union Oil Company is almost certain. While the purchasers have two years in which to acquire their new property, no one would put up such a sum unless it was intended to complete the contract. Financial Fourth street is asking how much of the initial payment has gone to the promoters of the sale in commissions, and how much of that will go to outsiders and what amount will remain in Los Angeles. I. W. Hellman, Sr., who for a long time was kept out of Union, has been treasurer of the company of late and the Watchorn deal, instead of having been made through the First National, really was consummated through the agency of the Farmers & Merchants National. Union shares continue to be pounded by hostile influences, with Union Provident and United Petroleum, presumably taken over at better than 120, going begging in the open market at less than 107. In fact, both issues, after having been worked up to that figure a week ago sold this week as low as 101.

Milton's Paradise (Law) Regained

Milton K. Young refers to the brief article printed in these columns last week under the heading "Milton's Paradise Lose," which alluded to him as one of the members of the Democratic League, and advises me that the first information he had concerning the existence of the league or his selection as an officer or member of it was through the press

whose use of his name in connection therewith was unauthorized. Mr. Young says that as soon as the campaign was over he notified the officers of the league that it was his intention to apply his energies to the practice of the law, and not to take part in the organization or membership of the Democratic State League, or other political organizations. "I feel," he concludes, "that I did my full duty in behalf of President-elect Wilson in the campaign, and that the party victory is sufficient reward for any services rendered." In which noble sentiments I heartily concur.

Noted Publicist Coming

William Allen White writes me from Emporia, Kansas, that he and Mrs. White and the kiddies will leave their home town next Friday for La Jolla where they will rent a cottage and remain for several months. Mrs. White has been ailing of late and the doctor has advised a milder climate and a good rest. After she is feeling restored they will leave the children with their housekeeper and come up to Los Angeles to renew old friendships. I am promised their first visit. It is six years since the Whites were on the coast. They will be warmly welcomed.

"Billy" Kent as an "Angel"

From New York a well informed newspaper man writes that there is new money in the American magazine. One of the recently-enlisted stock subscribers is Congressman William Kent of California, once a member of the city council of Chicago, which is his native city. In those days, among his close friends was Peter Finley Dunne (Mr. Dooley). The latter was one of the original promoters of the American, with Mr. Phillips, Ida Tarbell, Lincoln Steffens and others. When the property needed new financing, Mr. Kent was sounded and went in with Charles R. Crane, who assisted in financing the La Follette primary campaign and then contributed liberally to the Wilson war chest. It is said that Mr. Crane and Mr. Kent were at loggerheads concerning the American's policy in the presidential contest, the dispute ending in a triumph for the former. Congressman Kent is one of Col. Roosevelt's ardent admirers and also one of his stern critics and but for Finley Dunne's intercession he would not have consented to the Wilson support rendered by the American. He was finally prevailed upon to stand aside, according to gossip in New York. Appearance of the American in its new format is received with mixed feelings. To me it recalls the old Delineator, in slightly modernized style, but if the contents are maintained at a high standard this may not prove displeasing. The idea seems to be to "hit the first balcony" in dress, without lowering the tone of the reading matter. It is an experiment whose success is problematical, but it may win.

Uncle Sam as a Competitor

January 1 the government will begin its parcels post service, and already the express companies doing business here have begun to consider improvements. Heretofore, the public has not received the most considerate treatment, and in Los Angeles the service has been anything but satisfactory, without a way to remedy conditions. It is believed the parcels post will have a salutary effect.

Rubbing It In on Los Angeles

There is general sympathy for Judge and Mrs. R. M. Widney and other members of the family of Robert Widney, who has been hovering between life and death in San Francisco for several days because of his foolish conduct. Young Widney was born and grew up in Los Angeles, where his family has always stood high. Of the young woman who is alleged to have shot him little is known here. It is noteworthy that when such stories break in San Francisco, the news agencies as well as the San Francisco papers, go to extremes in spreading them over all the space possible. The same procedure was noted in the recent McCombs case, and there, as well as in the Widney story, the facts which might have been worth a few hundred words the first day were given at least a column daily in all the San Francisco papers, largely because the story concerned persons from Los Angeles. "We like to put it over some of those Pharisees down there," said one newspaper man in the northern city.

High Class Advertising Men

Advertising men of Los Angeles refuse to confine themselves to the mere preparation of display copy and are branching out into all lines of literature. Advertising Manager Carroll, who is the directing genius of the Broadway department store's literary department, and who is one of the most enthusiastic members of the Los Angeles Ad Club, recently prepared, on request, for System, the business man's weekly of Chicago and New York, an article explaining the manner in which all advertising is checked at Arthur Letts' Fourth and Broadway emporium. He told of how proof is required on all

advertisements before insertion, and how, after being carefully read by the ad department, "dupes" are sent to the various departments whose goods are advertised, where the final corrections as to prices, qualities, and the like devolve upon the department managers. The system does not stop at this, however, for soon after the store opens each morning an inspector makes the rounds of the building with the morning ads in his hand and sees that each article advertised is for sale as advertised and at the prices stated. The department managers receive, in addition to their salary, a bonus at the end of the year. For errors in advertising they get demerit marks which reduce the bonus, hence their keen desire to avoid making mistakes. This is all well set forth in Mr. Carroll's article; it was a system invented by the Broadway. William Hill, Hoozee's able publicity director, is writing motion picture scenarios in his spare moments, while Bernard McConville of the Los Angeles Investment Company has had poems accepted by well known magazines of late.

Tribune as an Express Adjunct

Mr. E. T. Earl's latest project, it is rumored, is to stop publication of the Tribune soon after the first of the year and issue it as an a. m. edition of the Express. This way a large saving in mechanical helpers' salaries would be effected, for such an experiment would need only two shifts of men, while under the present arrangement three are required. The plan would be to run copy for advertisers in both morning and evening papers for about fifty percent more than they are now paying for the afternoon service, while the subscribers would be cared for with either or both editions. This scheme has failed in several large cities, and it looks as if Mr. Earl will be taking a long chance. Still, I expect, the present drain is irritating.

Inconsistencies of Edwin

My attention is called to the fact that while the Earl newspapers fought the Downey block city hall idea and finally defeated it, although the city owns the property and pays interest on the investment, this same influence now is engaged in promoting the Phillips block site for city building purposes. It was insisted when the Downey block campaign was under way that the public treasury could not afford such an expenditure, but with more demands than ever for city funds this circumstance is neglected.

Julian Likes the White Lights

I am told that Julian Johnson, long-time dramatic critic of the Times, has found the gay life of New York so fascinating that he is not soon to return to his post at First and Broadway, but may stay in the metropolis all winter. At present he is doing special work for the New York press while Gardner Bradford and Hector Allott are handling the drama for the Otis journal.

Income From Free Lunch Licenses

By the defeat of the anti-free-lunch ordinance the city has been saved a revenue in cash, paid monthly in the form of a special license. Of course, the several resorts serving lunches are willing enough to pay the \$25 a month tax they are assessed for the privilege, so that the agitation, instead of having abolished the custom, has had a contrary effect. There are more places than ever serving free lunches and the number is certain to grow under competition.

Misplacing New Patrolmen

It seems queer that out of twenty new policemen that have been allowed Chief Sebastian to aid in the patrol of the city twelve of the number are to be motorcycle cops whose principal duty will be to arrest those violating the twenty miles an hour prescription. With the increase in nightly holdups one would suppose the added force might be better employed in catching thugs and pickpockets than in overhauling speeders.

Dividing the Assets

I hear that President Sproule and W. F. Herrin of the Southern Pacific are both in New York for a consultation regarding the division of assets, due to the recent Supreme Court decision divorcing the Southern Pacific and the Union Pacific. It is said that the former will fare the better in the matter of railway management, unless the old Central Pacific line between Ogden and San Francisco is separated from the parent road. Should the feeder go to the Union Pacific that system will be in a fair way, but otherwise it will be a trunk without a head. In such a contingency Los Angeles and not San Francisco will be the real headquarters of the Southern Pacific—which, by the way, will be forced to give up Associated Oil and other affiliated interests now operated as separate corporations. It also is alleged

that the recent absorption of the Union Oil Company by outsiders will mean the taking over of the Associated and other petroleum interests.

Ramon Coral's Demise

Residents of Los Angeles with interests in Mexico will be surprised to learn of the death of Ramon Coral, vice president of the republic under Diaz. Coral was well known in this city where several of the principal business men were his warm friends. He had always been a staunch friend of American interests, and his position as vice president was due to that fact. Coral left at the outbreak of trouble in the southern republic, and went to Paris to regain his health.

"Billy" Ream's Passing

William R. Ream, who passed away last week, was not only one of the oldest newspaper men of the city in point of actual service, but he also was the pioneer of news illustrators here. He introduced the innovation on the Times twenty years ago, sketching his stories, and was an artist of considerable merit. He was the Times city editor for a period, and when he left the paper his personal relations with the principal owner were not of the friendliest. In fact, on one occasion they had a personal encounter, and General Otis was haled into police court for alleged assault, but was acquitted of the charge by a justice, whom Ream never forgave and whose defeat was caused by Ream when the justice was a candidate for reelection.

Harper's Costly Experience

Appearing in the daily press this week was a brief notice of the discharge of former Mayor Harper from bankruptcy, which recalls how costly his entrance into politics proved for that unfortunate official. When the one-time mayor was induced by his friends to run for office he was in affluent circumstances, well respected and liked in the community. He was unfortunate in the choice of his lieutenants and through a break with E. T. Earl became embroiled in a tenderloin scandal. Indicted by the grand jury along with Sam Schenck, one of his police commissioners, he managed by the aid of competent counsel to escape criminal prosecution, but his attorneys' fees were a heavy burden.

Homesick for Her Ships

With a half sister of Charles W. Morse suing to establish ownership, and with Los Angeles trying to prove that their real home is here and not on the Atlantic, the steamers Yale and Harvard are having their troubles. Miss Morse has made the Pacific Navigation Company, which has leased the two vessels, co-defendants in her litigation, and has asked that the courts annul the contract by the terms of which the two ships were brought here for service between Los Angeles, San Diego and San Francisco. The ships have been coining money despite a general prediction that they would not earn their fuel. The Pacific Coast Steamship Company has sent in a rush order for the completion of its new express steamers now building at the Huntington yards, Newport News. These vessels are to exceed in speed and general service anything now plying on the Pacific coast and should be in commission by the middle of next summer.


Keeping Out of the Rumpus

That was a wise decision of the Chamber of Commerce in declining to take part in the charter controversy. There is rabid feeling in the matter of municipal conditions, and the Chamber of Commerce could do no good in siding with either faction. A danger of the charter situation is that it gives the Socialists an opportunity for a conflict similar to that experienced at the last municipal election, and leaders of that party—as well as representative men of the community—declare that they will triumph at the next election.

Children's Pictures in Characteristic Attitudes

Carbons, Platinotypes, Etchings

Unquestionable Artistic Endorsements



AWARDED EIGHTEEN MEDALS

Studio and Art Gallery, 336½ S. Bdwy.

Special Exhibition of Oils Now on View

Music

By W. Francis Gates

Mr. Dupuy's Orpheus Club entertained a large audience at the Auditorium Monday night with a program of eight choruses and half a dozen songs by Helen B. Cooper. A pleasing dramatic touch was given in opening, the "Pilgrim's Chorus" from "Tannhauser." In semi-darkness the members of the club slowly paced to their seats, each garbed as a mendicant friar and singing the familiar chorus. At its close the lights went off and when, in a minute, they returned, the monkish garbs had disappeared and a kid-gloved chorus was in place. Edwin Schultz' "Forest Harps" was the leading number of the program, and was sung with niceties of finish. Mr. Dupuy has his men in excellent drill. Miss Cooper's best work was in Musetta's waltz, from "La Boheme" and a song by Clough-Leigher, "My Lover He Comes on the Skee," a song with a good deal of atmosphere to it. Miss Cooper's well-handled soprano has not been heard to better advantage than on this occasion. The concert as a whole was not heavy, but was given with all attention to nuance and vocal effectiveness.

Tuesday night, Mme. Gerville Reache appeared on the Behymer Philharmonic course. After the enjoyment the musical public took in her singing here two years ago it is a wonder that she was not greeted by a larger house. Her program comprised songs in French and English. The one operatic number was a "Carmen" aria as an encore. The words of the words were given in translation in the program book, save where a change was made and then the audience enjoyed fitting the "Come with us, sonny," of Godard's "Vivandier" to the "Agnus Dei" words of Bizet's melody. Mme. Reache has a wonderfully beautiful contralto. The range, the quality, the art of its use all give almost unlimited pleasure. The one exception is the artistic—or shall we say inartistic—grunt with which she ends most of her phrases. Whatever it is, it is not beautiful—the one fly in the ointment. The range of her songs was from E in the bass staff to G just above the soprano staff. All gradations of power are at her control and her upper "mezzo voce" was a delightful effect. In one group she made a careful and generally successful effort to sing English. In this group was a song by Gertrude Ross, her capable accompanist, a lullaby in which the singer graciously awarded to the pianist the honors, and repeated it at the demand of the audience.

Fifth of the Sunday orchestral concerts under Edward Lebegott drew a still larger audience than its predecessors. So successful has this series become that plans are under way to extend it six months. This program included Mozart's "Figaro" overture, a Lacombe serenade, and Grieg's "Peer Gynt" suite. The novelty was a prelude to an opera by Adolf Tandler of the Brahms quintet. This made one think an early Wagner work had been unearthed—and certainly that is praise enough. One portion of the audience redemanded the shallow Lacombe tune and another section was equally insistent as to Tandler's overture. One was tinkle, the other was music. Mr. Tandler shows in this prelude more than ordinary promise. With certain

prunings and more of a climax in the ending the work will be strengthened. It was a good thing to repeat it instead of following the custom of playing a silly encore number, as this gave opportunity for a better acquaintance. Mr. Lebegott secured delightful effects from his orchestra in the Grieg suite. He is temperamental and a drill-master who has the respect and cooperation of his men. Mrs. Bertha Vaughan, soprano, was soloist, singing with excellent intonation the "Beloved Halls" aria from "Tannhauser." In this the orchestra was too heavy for the soloist's quantity of tone, otherwise playing the accompaniment satisfactorily—and accompaniments have been the weak spot of our local orchestras.

It is a great satisfaction to see the attendance at these orchestral concerts grow each week. At tomorrow's concert seats are reserved, without extra cost, thus obviating the crush. This is a good move. Perhaps the next thought will be for the press representatives who give up a Sunday afternoon—to take a back seat in the gallery. It is a good sign that many of those who are loudest in their praise of the work of the Lebegott orchestra are persons who never waver in their support of the Symphony orchestra. This Sunday series is primarily for those who cannot take time or money for the Symphony series—but until a supporting public of that class is created in sufficient numbers it is well that the symphony attendants turn out so largely. The more people, the larger the orchestra, the more rehearsals, the better the concerts. Neither orchestra desires to make money for anyone, not even what, in the East, would be considered adequate salaries. So just buy ten or a dozen tickets and give them to the people about you—the men at the works and the girls in the stores. Get them interested, too.

Ralph Ginsburg gave a good account of himself as a violin artist at his recital at the Gamut Club last week Thursday night. He played the Mendelssohn concerto, the most popular one with violinists and with the public at large, a Mozart sonata and half a dozen works of the later romanticists. By his years abroad he has broadened as an artist. Going with an unusually large equipment, he has returned a full fledged artist. His tone is large and his technical equipment impeccable. Now, to quote a European teacher "all you need is to fall in love," and of course that is a natural sequence of returning to Los Angeles. He is a result, largely of the teaching of Arnold Krauss, who may well be proud of him.

It is "General" Charles Farwell Edson now, the genial promoter of various and sundry enterprises having been elected to that title by the music teachers of the state. The additional title is "vice president," but that doesn't count. In the ballot by mail recently taken by the Music Teachers' Association of California, there were also elected: H. B. Bretherick of San Francisco, president; Roscoe W. Lucy of Berkeley, treasurer; directors, Clifford Lott and Jos. Dupuy, Los Angeles; Blanche Ashley, Berkeley, and Henry B. Pasmore, San Francisco. All the proposed amendments to the constitution were adopted, almost unanimously. If it were not for necessitating a larger Stetson or Knox, one

might add Gen. Edson received the largest number of votes of anyone on the ballot.

Brahm Van den Berg was the bright particular star at the Gamut Club dinner last week. He played the Liszt sixth rhapsody and the Elegie by Rachmaninoff. His brilliant playing created much enthusiasm. Other guests were Mrs. Bona, New York, and Miss McVey, Chicago, readers; Mrs. Jason Walker, St. Louis, chairman of music committee of National Federation of Women's Clubs; Mrs. D. A. Campbell, editor of its magazine; Thos. McCleary, Minneapolis, a teller of good stories, and Mrs. Jamison, local composer.

Mr. Van den Berg gave a recital at the Majestic theater building last Saturday afternoon. He made a hit with the local public as accompanist and soloist with Calve, last season. And as he is heard more here, doubtless will take his place as the leading piano artist.

Saturday afternoon Messrs Oscar Werner and Julius Seyler gave a program at the Ebell Club. It included the Grieg sonata for piano and violin, and half a dozen solos for each instrument in pleasing choice and arrangement. At the Ebell Club last week, Blanche Ruby, soprano, assisted by Jules Koopman, violinist, and Gertrude Ross, pianist, gave a delightful program. Several of the songs were given in English—let us hope one day all will be.

Tuesday evening a number of the students in the Fillmore school of music gave a program at Blanchard Hall. The teachers represented were Messrs. Fillmore, Cook, Barbour and Mrs. Barbour.

Last night the Apollo Club of Santa Barbara under the direction of G. H. Normington gave a performance of Coleridge-Taylor's "Hiawatha's Wedding Feast." The director was G. H. Normington, formerly of St. Paul, where he directed the Choral Club and he was the organist of St. Mark's Church in Minneapolis. Jos. P. Dupuy of Los Angeles was engaged for the leading tenor role and he also sang in a sweet lyric voice a group of foreign and American songs. The club is given good progress and the concert made quite an impression.

There just has been closed in San Diego the transfer of a tract of land at Grossmont, near here, to Mme. Gadske who arranged for it in a recent visit. She says she will build in 1915, according to present plans. Others in this colony of musical artists are Mme. Schumann-Heink, Teresa Carreno, the celebrated pianist, Carrie Jacobs Bond, composer of children's songs; also John Vance Cheney, Owen Wister and others are affiliating with the colony, which will be exclusive and the site beautifully located.

Last Saturday night the Brahms quintet at Blanchard Hall played the Scharwenka quintet, a recent work, and the Beethoven string quartet, op. 18, No. 2. Mrs. Bernard Ulrich sang an aria from "Mme. Butterfly." The entire program was delightfully given. The quintet has been materially strengthened by the substitution of Oskar Seiling as first violin. Were the programs given other than Saturday nights the attendance would be larger.

Leopold Godowsky, the young Polish pianist, will be here in recital at the Auditorium January 1.

At the meeting of the music teachers Friday night, the program was given by Clifford Lott and Brahm van der Bergh, and at the Dominant Club

(Continued on page thirty)

Three Books by the Editor

PAUL TRAVERS' ADVENTURES

ON SPECIAL ASSIGNMENT

GLIMPSES ACROSS THE SEA

By Samuel Travers Clover

The first tells how an ambitious youth made his way around the world in order better to prepare himself for newspaper work. The second shows how Paul succeeded as a reporter, and the big assignments he covered. He was the last white man to see Sitting Bull, and the only reporter, from start to finish, in the last vigilance party this country is likely to see. Published by Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co. The third book is a collection of pen sketches, giving a whimsical point of view of generally unnoted data in the more pretentious books of travel. For sale by

Cunningham, Curtiss & Welch Co
252 SOUTH SPRING ST.

C. C. Parker,
220 SOUTH BROADWAY

and Jones' Book Store,
226 WEST FIRST ST.

She Yearned For An Auto

Sioux City Journal: Jennie Steel Huegle, superintendent of schools for Polk county, is in trouble over her accounts. The lady had her heart set on an automobile, and it was a question whether or not it would be proper to use money out of the institute fund to meet her desire. It can easily be seen that an automobile might serve to facilitate the movements of the superintendent among the rural schools, and that the expense of a purchase out of some public fund might be justified on the score of very absorbing interest in the uplift of primary education. Mrs. Huegle was advised, however, and no doubt very properly advised, that the law did not contemplate that the institute fund might be used for the purchase of automobiles. But coincident with the receipt of this opinion, which the superintendent felt bound to respect, the lady's attention was centered on the point that she had warrant under the provisions of the law to send any journal of education to the rural teachers at the cost of the institute fund. The Des Moines Register and Leader, it so happened, at that very time was conducting a subscription contest and offering an automobile as the prize, and with the institute fund in mind Mrs. Huegle became active. She caused the Register and Leader to be sent to the teachers within her jurisdiction as a journal of education—and there, apparently, is where the superintendent made an unfortunate mistake in judgment. A special accountant of the Polk county board of supervisors reported the case to the board of supervisors, and the supervisors, unable to excuse Mrs. Huegle, are embarrassing the superintendent much the same as if she was regarded as a defaulter.

FIFTH ANNUAL BOOK NUMBER THE GRAPHIC

VOL. XXXVIII--No. 3

LOS ANGELES, DECEMBER 14, 1912

PRICE TEN CENTS

John Masefield

Whatever may be said of John Masefield he is certainly not negligible. His voice may or may not be worth hearing, that is as the reader happens to think, but heard it is: strident, insistent, it has reached every English reader who pretends to any information of modern literature. To have within a year of its appearance in magazine a poem run to a sixth edition is assurance of merit, for poetry is not popular.

"The Everlasting Mercy" has been called brutal, tractarian, sentimental; the last two it is not, brutal it is by its theme. A country rough, a poacher, a lecher, a prize-fighter, a brute, "Boozer Kane" is of the sort that the world abhors when it cannot ignore. And "Boozer Kane" after he has "got religion" and mixes with his ribald language the cant of a Salvation Army experience meeting offends even more grossly the ears of the delicate. But he is not a sentimental creation, nor is his story a sermon, it is life: low life, blotted with ignorance, disfigured with poverty, wrecked with crime, but life that some unfortunates struggle and fight in till death. Against this dark picture the calm of his plowman's life after his conversion is a fine contrast.

Near Bullen Bank, on Gloucester Road,
Thy everlasting mercy showed
The Ploughman patient on the hill
Forever there, forever still,
Ploughing the hill with steady yoke
Of pine-trees lightning-struck and broke.

"The Widow in the Bye Street" is similar in conception, full of pathos, but too surely a document of life to be called sentimental. If the conversion of Saul Kane reminds one of Wordsworth's Peter Bell, the infinite sorrow of this poor widow recalls Michael. A comparison of Masefield with Wordsworth would show how far the literary art has moved toward realism, toward the simple uncolored realizing of the sordid commonplace tragedies among the world's under dogs. Hopelessness must be the pervading tone of these tales: the highest creative genius cannot reshape such ugly facts into that beautiful harmony which should be the world. Omission of ugly details, a softening of the language would make these poems more pleasing to many, but then they would not be what they pretend to be,—a mirror of the actual.

One finds much mere versifying, and lines technically deficient, but one is tempted to condone even this fault for the sake of the impression one gets from it of earnestness; there is a fitness in riding rough-shod over a theme that is in itself uncouth and harsh.

There has just appeared in the English Review, the magazine which has the honor of "discovering" the poet, Masefield, a third long epic poem, "The Dauber." The Dauber is the ship's painter who takes the job in order to learn to draw—

The leap of water off the side
Where the great clipper trampled iron-hooved
Making the blue hills of the sea divide,
Shearing a glittering scatter in her stride,
And leaping on full tilt with all sails drawing,
Proud as a war-horse, snuffing battle,
pawing."

In this poem there are marvelous pictures, finer than are to be found in the poet's other work. Masefield was for years himself a tramp-sailor, and

speaks as one who really knows from—

"Watching the constellations rise and burn
Until the beauty took him by the throat
So stately is their glittering overturn:
Armies of marching eyes, armies that yearn
With banners rising and falling and passing by
Over the empty silence of the sky."

or from hearing—
"Glorious northers shouting out a psalm
At seeing the bright blue water silver-fleeced."

But his first feeling is for the death-cold silent snows, the smothering fogs, and the roaring, whirling black of the

to the dregs of life for its personae and is another of those terrifying dramas of the hopeless struggle between the pale gleam of the spirit and the thick overwhelming darkness of the actual.

Masefield is honest, and therefore to be heard for his truth: he is an artist and therefore to be enjoyed. He mirrors life even though it be at times an ugly rat-hole of fact. If we are of the class of those who wish to know only the pleasant, and carry a lily in the hand so as to avoid seeing the beggar in the gutter, we will dismiss

novel, a little too tractarian, avoiding wearisomeness only because the subject is so all-important: it is a rare book because it deals with the marriage question without lashing sex again, now the whipping boy of all serious books. The story shows the failure of a union almost ideal, discusses the situation at length, and hints at nebulous remedies. Briefly, the difficulty here is the universal trouble, the lack of congenial engrossing occupation. If it ever was true that

Love in a man's a thing apart
'Tis woman's whole existence,

it is no longer so. In the Golden Age women were content to serve their husbands: they had no ambition aside, no exterior duties; Mahomet denied them souls and made the salvation of the world easier by one half. But we have changed all that. We must alter the couplet to read,

Nor is it woman's whole existence

and assume the burden of her salvation.

Feminism is the cause: not that all women are feminists, but the new spirit has affected the life of all women. When they don't achieve higher education, or take up charity, they buy clothes, under the blind impulse to do something,—anything other than being merely wife and mother and housekeeper. Man is, unfortunately, so much the Orientalist that he gives up his visions, his ideals, his proper work to dig for money with which to make a beautiful setting for his loved wife. Given this situation failure follows. The woman's life is a feverish flitting from trivialities to toys, purposeless, fruitless, touching life not at all. The man anaesthetizes the dream of truth that inspired him in his youth, and spends his power in as fruitless an existence.

Many lives welter forever on this inanity, but for some men the gleam is too strong, they see failure and, like Trafford, become unhappy. We must conclude that money, friends, and love are not enough: there must be a deeper seriousness for man's divine mind to work on. With this realization Trafford finds a break necessary, and still, though all have given him over, loves Marjorie well enough to take her with him—as fellow seeker for the truth. They find the antithesis of civilization in Labrador, and after refining hardships, begin to discover the essentials. They talk long, regain sanity of spirit and set out home for a fresh attempt at life. Courage they have, and a vague plan, they will endeavor to cooperate with that "spirit that impels all living things." The weakness of the position lies in the failure to raise Marjorie to anything approaching the dignified purpose that Trafford strives under. She takes a subordinate place. The helper not the creator.

There may be no answer, but a recognition of the problem is the first duty of the seeker for truth. In this book there is an unusually clear outlining of a situation that will bear much discussion and far more light. ("Marriage," By H. G. Wells. Duffield & Co.) C. K. J.

From the House of Mosher

Anything and everything from the House of Mosher, which is in Portland, Maine, is distinctive. Mosher books are distinguished by a certain quiet dignity of dress and air wherein strength and beauty blend. Thomas Bird Mosher is a book-binder of rare artistic skill: but he is much more.



ILLUSTRATION FROM "THE TEMPTING OF TAVERNAKE"

[By E. Phillips Oppenheim]

[Little, Brown & Co.]

storms off Cape Horn. This is a poem for everyone who has a feeling for the infinite and awful sea.

Masefield the sailor-poet is the latest phase: he has been novelist with success in "Multitude and Solitude;" he has shown himself a trenchant and fascinating if somewhat revolutionary critic in his Shakespeare (Home University Library): in this criticism he is in many things in agreement with Frank Harris, which means that he is new and unhackneyed.

As dramatist he has proved himself powerful with keen insight into character, fearless in execution, imaginative. The "Tragedy of Nan" goes also

Masefield with a shrug, but if we are avid of truth we will read him.

C. K. JUDY.

"Marriage"

In "Marriage" Mr. Wells has added another to those studies of sociological conditions that include such delightful books as "Tono-Bungay," "Kipps," "The History of Mr. Polly." In this new work, however, he seems not to reach the high literary excellence that marks his work before "Ann Veronica." He has lost a large part of his compelling humor: it is as though he has decided that he must avoid humor to insure being taken seriously.

"Marriage" is a very philosophical

He is a true bibliophile. Even his yearly catalogue is vibrant with personality. It is not merely a cool, commercial descriptive list of books and prices. It is a thing of beauty and individuality to be preserved with joy through the year and referred to with pleasure and desire. Says Mr. Mosher, "For more than twenty years I have had, as publisher, occasion to issue catalogues, and as my point of view included something other than the mere commercial success of my editions, it seemed in keeping with an ideal of what constituted the things most excellent that I should, wherever space permitted, cite such poems and prose passages of unusual truth and beauty as appeared, to me at least, in harmony with this wider outlook concerning Life and Literature." It is this spirit of the real artist-lover that has caused him to seek out the lesser known but imperishable utterances, which earlier gatherers of "rose leaves when the rose is dead" have never found or had never set out to find. Indeed, so exquisitely lovely have these annual showers of rose leaves been that a demand came for a volume of these spolia optima, and in the fall and holiday offering of books this year is an "Amphora," after those old "earthen vessels made by the potter's art to contain the more precious liquids: honey, olive oil, wine." It truly may be regarded, in a sentimental sense, as "a breviary for book-lovers." One of these charming little gems entitled "In Passing," by Georgina B. Paget, is contained in this year's catalogue.

I was your stepping stone
From the old land to the new—
I, who loved you alone;
Was it I who changed, or you?
Now you stand on land with your own
true lover,
Poor stone, my heart, let floods flow over!

I was a desert well;
Passing, you slacked your thirst;
Was the water brackish, tell?
Yet you found it sweet at first:
Now you lave and bathe in the bounteous
river,
May sand-storms choke the well forever.

Introducing his catalogue "The Books I Shall Never Read Again" is the key to Mr. Mosher's success as an artistic publisher. Another offering of interest to Americans especially is "Il Pesceballo," an opera in one act by Francis James Child and James Russell Lowell. It contains, besides the complete text, a portrait of Prof. Lane, author of the famous college song first printed in 1855, on which the operetta was based. Also of local appeal is the beautiful volume devoted to Whitman's touchingly tender and mystic lament, "The Memories of President Lincoln." There are a eulogistic foreword by Horace Traubel, a fine portrait frontispiece of Lincoln and several selections and tributes to the martyr president.

Italy with its sensuous appeal claims a goodly share of attention this year. There are "Roses of Paestum," by Edward McCurdy, "The Renaissance," being studies in art and poetry by Walter Pater, "Spring in Tuscany," an anthology of twelve lyrics of penetrating sweetness, by Swinburne, Symonds, A. Mary F. Robinson, Binyon, Cora Fabbri and others, and a striking commentary on "Old Italian Gardens" in a chorus "In Praise of Old Gardens." In excuse for a recurrence to an oft-repeated theme Mr. Mosher says, "If I love not gardens more the poetry and pathos of old abandoned gardens is unspeakably near and dear to my heart." So there is a "turning of one's feet into comparatively untrodden paths, pleasant and full of ecstatic surprises, Swinburne 'In a Forsaken Garden' being, probably, most likely to be popularly known. Vernon Lee, Hon. Mrs. Boyle, "E. V. B." Rosamond Marriott Watson and Dr. John Brown contribute prose poems of great beauty and depth of feeling.

This little volume and Stevenson's "Flight of the Princess" are in vest-pocket sizes, quietly dressed in blue-gray, convenient for companionship on the highway or car. "Flight of the Princess," chosen from Prince Otto,

is compared to the meeting of Richard and Lucy in Meredith's "Idyl of First Love," in its perfection. "Nowhere else," says Mr. Mosher in commentary, "shall we find the natural history of the human passion-flower so exquisitely set forth as in the awakening of Seraphina to a love that will not fade away." There are three other characteristic sketches by Stevenson: "Old Mortality," "An Old Scotch Gardener" and "A Penny Plain and Twopence Coloured,"—quaint English bits of color.

McCurdy's "Roses of Paestum" recalls Maurice Hewlett's "Earthwork out of Tuscany," both dealing with Italian artistic ideals and both having met with a cold reception from English critics, for an unaccountable reason. The present reissue of McCurdy's poetically delicate commentaries not only on Paestum and its roses, but on medieval Italy and its questings of the ideal in art, in faith, in love, and in fantasies of things more visionary than these—roses of medieval beauty, "named of the Paestan roses because these also were of seed of Greece and bloomed in Italy." It is curious in this connection the difference of viewpoint, of perception, between McCurdy and Walter Pater: for instance, in describing that famous painting of Sandro Botticelli's "The Birth of Venus," McCurdy sees the painting in warmer colors as it might have been fresh from the brain and brush of the painter; Pater notes its gray tones, the weariness of expression on the face of Venus, "anticipating the pain of the long day of love to be." Even the rose appear different to each. Both books are of good size for library shelves, snugly cloaked in the Mosher protective slide case. "Spring in Tuscany," bright in a case flecked with the color of Italy's golden sunshine and enveloped in parchment, gold-sealed, is the daintiest of gift thoughts.

Lucy Lyttleton is an English poet whose "Lyrical Poems" breath an atmosphere of deep religious devotion, tender and highly spiritual. Fiona Macleod's "prose rhymes," voicing an ineffable longing, the thoughts that arise on a glorious moonlight night when pleasure merges into pain so great is emotion, are gathered in a revised edition, "The Silence of Amor." This is a very attractive format for lovers of William Sharp's elusive, mystical fancies. Altogether, here is indeed a royal holiday feast for the "bookworm."

"Wind Before the Dawn"

Already, Dell H. Munger's book, "The Wind Before the Dawn," has aroused a good deal of discussion, and it is significant to note that the women view it with approbation while the men rather indignantly cavil at the attitude of its chief masculine character toward the heroine. It is a presentation of that world-old question, the right of the husband and wife to their individual lives as well as to their community life. But not in that alone does it interest. With the opening of the story one is plunged into the desolation of the farmer pioneers of Kansas. The year of the locusts is pictured; that dread summer when the destroying grasshoppers left the earth bare of all sustaining things. Elizabeth Farnshaw is one of the hopeless children of that country. With her deep yearning for "learning" and her instinct—procured from heaven knows where—for the better things of life, she is forced to endure the squalor and bickering of her home, where her brutal husband rules supreme; and the wife is but a servant to cook his meals, keep his house and bear his children. Mrs. Farnshaw is permitted no emotions of her own; no pleasures; not even a part of the income which she helps to earn by long hours of labor. Elizabeth rebels, covertly at first, but ever more strongly. Through circumstances she manages to get a smattering of education; but just as she sees her way to college, her father's greed for money sets her to

teaching a little country school. She and her father have wills of equal strength, and the inevitable clashes follow. When Love comes in the person of John Hunter, college man as well as farmer, Elizabeth sees a new world stretching before her. But marriage is a disillusion, for John, too, has that inherited masculine instinct. Elizabeth must keep his house spotless—under the direction of his mother; she must seek no friends, but those whom he desires; she is a wife and mother—what other interests can possibly be left in life for a woman? He does not believe in her illness, cannot sympathize with her desire to go onward intellectually as well as in worldly environment. Cruelty after cruelty he heaps upon her; many of them unwitting; many of them physical, many spiritual. Then, to make it more difficult, the real love—that communion of soul and oneness of spirit which only true love bears—comes to her, to end in gentle tragedy. She has borne with John beyond endurance and sends him from her. But there remains in every woman's heart an inextinguishable spark of tenderness for the father of her children. She misses John; the little son's questions as to his father begin to wound;



Dell H. Munger

[Author of "The Wind Before the Dawn"]

and when her husband writes a letter of repentance and longing, the maternal spirit, rather than the wifely love surges forth, and she sends for him. How many women who have waited for the little word of sympathy, the touch of tenderness that means so much in times of stress, will appreciate the character of Elizabeth. It is upon her that the author has expended all her skill and Elizabeth is a strong and interesting development. How many women have fought with similar conditions, only weakly to yield—and most women do yield their individuality to their husbands. Mrs. Munger pleads for woman's rights—not the right to the ballot, but to the rights of home life—to be on the firing line with her husband; as comrade and helpmate, rather than chattel. The life of the farmer is depicted so faithfully that the reader feels the burden of the mortgage-ridden, drought-bearing farms—the burden which falls largely upon the shoulders of the faithful wives who toil and spin and deprive themselves of the comforts so that the farmer may have the latest thing in reapers or plows. It is a book of interest, its story, its problem and its environment; and it is well written, if a trifle redundant in detail. ("The Wind Before the Dawn." By Dell H. Munger. Doubleday, Page & Co.)

Poems of John Keats

Poetry, pure and undefiled, has been scarce enough all though the ages; it is well to cherish what we have. The

poems of John Keats with twenty-four illustrations in color have been newly-issued by Little, Brown & Co. In delicacy and grace the pictures vie with the text. The most poetic lines have been chosen to illustrate—as, "Then let winged fancy wander;" a winged wind-blown creature treads the planets, with butterflies and flowers bedecked. Another lovely line is, "I met a lady in the meads full beautiful." The sky is full of flying birds and "the mead" a tender spring green. The print is clear and easily read, the paper fine. It is altogether a charming book for the shelf of the every-day lover of verse who needs not his poet in edition de luxe. ("The Poems of John Keats." Little, Brown & Co.)

"The Four Gardens"

It has always been a pleasant weakness of great minds to turn for relaxation from graver literary labors to the contemplation of nature. Nature, that is to say, immediately outside the door or just round the corner. To these giants of letters "apropos des fleurs" has often been synonymous with "apropos des bottes." For a garden is as good a medium as another for the conveyance of philosophies of life, introspection, criticisms on art and all the other interesting things great men like to dabble with in their leisure hours. Alphonse Kerr neglected journalism to give us his delightful "Tour Round My Garden." Jules Michelet, in the middle of his classic on the French revolution, produced "L'Oiseau," full of the poetic visions of a soul born to range widely. And who do not in their hearts of hearts prefer Maeterlinck's dissertations on old fashioned flowers and the habits of bees to the mysterious and dislocated manderings of the blind or the Princess Maleine? Yet Maeterlinck no doubt felt he was trifling when he wrote the "Life of the Bee" and gave his attention to hollyhocks and larkspurs and love-in-a-mist. And how many others have done the same thing from Virgil and his bucolics to Professor Courthope and his "Paradise of Birds?"

The fact is that gardens of flowers—and perhaps potato patches too in a lesser degree—are very fertile fields of inspiration. The green thought comes easily in a green shade. It is practically impossible to be tedious on the subject of flowers and even the seedsmen's catalogues with their optimistic and hyperbolic jargon in which every bloom is of "mammoth" size and their highly colored reproductions of gigantic peas and heroic potatoes have an allure that goes straight to the heart and usually to the pocket of every true garden lover. One uses the word "garden" rather than "flower" because it must always be remembered that flowers have an aesthetic value in themselves—once gathered they belong to the domain of decorative art just as a vegetable having lost one individuality in death enjoys a Phoenix-like rebirth under the hand of the marmiton. In truth, however, it is only as an integral part of a garden that either rose or radish can really inspire. And there is only one kind of garden, albeit every garden properly so called has an individuality of its own, since every garden is essentially a place where Nature performs her endless miracle, touching with wand of sunshine the bare brown earth and drawing therefrom like a conjurer from a hat green things and golden, a kaleidoscope of color turning upon the axis of the earth behind the prismatic lens of the day. The lure of every garden is the eternal mystery of the coming of something out of nothing, of beauty out of ugliness, the cosmic transmutation whose processes are as unfathomable today as when man roamed the woods clad in skins.

Perhaps, this is why our Southern California gardens despite their floral profusion lack some of the charm, the atmosphere, of the more niggard East. The paraphernalia of the conjurer, her seasonable winds and rains and snows, are so little in evidence here. We have replaced Jupiter Pluvius with the water faucet, the seasons of sowing and

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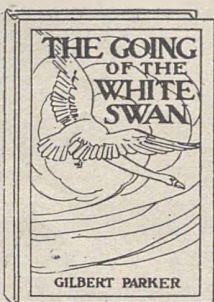
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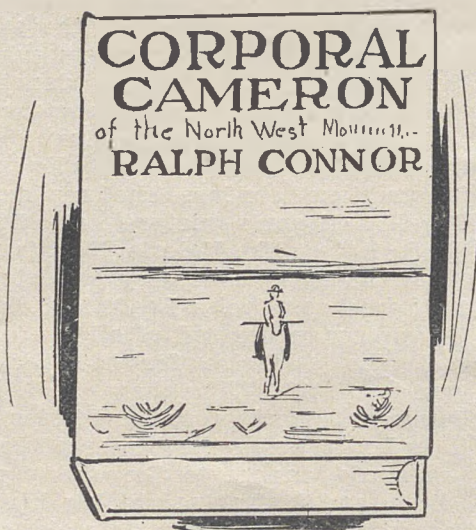
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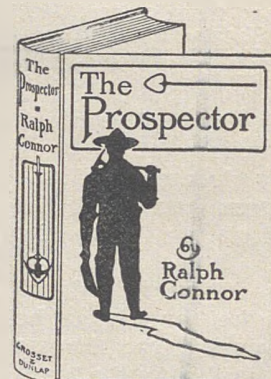
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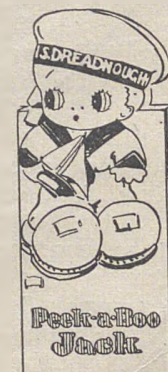
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planting are regulated only by local sentiment. We flower sweet peas in midwinter and could no doubt arrange to pick daffodils in August if we were so minded. This is not gardening but flower growing. Lack of age also is against us. The old fashioned flowers do not seem at home in our newly cultivated and circumscribed lots in the company of Lord knows what hectic denizens of the tropics. How poorly our "yards" compare with the vivid gardens in which our fancies have wandered, the "high hall garden" where Maud "sang alone in the morning of life," the garden where the April baby played, the stately pleasure ground that Kubla Khan decreed in far off Xanadu, Pope's garden at Twickenham, where the first weeping willow was planted; the Trianon where the unhappy Marie Antoinette loved to saunter among plaster cupids; the garden where the little R. L. S. played, full of the old fashioned blooms—

All the names I know from nurse,
Gardener's Garters, Shepherd's Purse,
Bachelor's Buttons, Lady's Smock
And the Lady Hollyhock.

And all the wonderful old gardens real and imagined where the young have dreamed lovely dreams and the old sought solace from care and the very old have waited patiently for death.

Even such are the "Four Gardens" of "Handasyde." For he (or it may be she) of the strange pseudonym knows just what should be said about a garden, knows the necessary leaven of romance to be injected, the right admixture of poetic and precious lore, the precise relation to be maintained between horticulture and sentiment. Of the four we like "The Haunted Garden" the best on account of John, its presiding genius, a great producer of results of a simple kind yet always ready to forego labor to have a "crack" with young or old. How different from the dour being some of us have had to contend with, who—

Digs the flowers, red, white and blue,
And frowns when he is spoken to,

particularly when we want to know where last year's hyacinth bulbs have all gone. No doubt "Handasyde" has met that kind, too, but is rightly unwilling to admit that anything that is not sweet and mellow can come out of a garden.

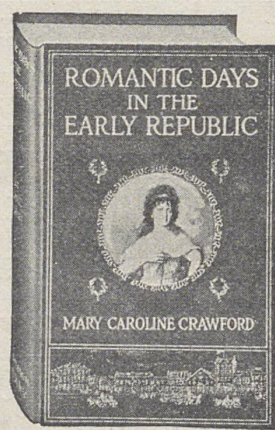
To cut a long story short, "The Four Gardens" is a contribution to the lore of tree worship that we would be sincerely unwilling to have missed. Nor are Mr. Robertson's colored illustrations and line drawings any less delightful than the text. The volume will make an excellent gift for an Eastern friend who, shivering in the grip of an arctic winter, may be thus gently reminded that in California there are always flowers and that this is the season for reduced rates. ("The Four Gardens." By Handasyde. Illustrated in colors by Charles Robertson. J. B. Lippincott Co.) C. H. B.

"Roddles:" A Contrast in Success

When Mr. Neuman embarked upon the creation of "Roddles" he merely set himself a new and rather difficult study in middle class psychology in a field hitherto monopolized by the late George Gissing and H. G. Wells. Not only has the study proved an interesting success, but its author has accomplished the far more original feat of creating a new character in fiction. Mr. Roddles is to a large extent compact of the clay that your selfmade made is made, but owing to a tempered weakness for the bottle and still more to a certain anarchical strain in the blood he has never made himself. Instead, he has set about the task of making his two sons and in that task he is entirely successful. Having accomplished his ambition—for through his efforts one son has become eminent at the bar, the other in Harley Street—Mr. Roddles throws down his challenge to fate. "Exegi monumenta" he says in effect, and the subsequent decadence of

Roddles senior, via the bottle route, is something that concerns himself alone. He has produced predetermined results and upon that he proposes to establish his claim to self respect.

Fate, needless to say, takes up the challenge. When he was younger the father knew that he could have no part in the material fortune of his sons. He did not desire it, and took pains to add a certain ruthlessness to their characters which he knew would, in the long run, effectually separate them from him. Reason told him that they must and should look down on their father socially and as he did not intend that to happen he resolved never to intrude himself upon their world. As his plans matured, however, Roddles discovers—and the discovery is gall and wormwood in his mouth—that the barrier between them is not social at all, but intellectual and moral. From that moment their success—his vicarious success—is barren of comfort. The fact is that years and drink have softened Mr. Roddles, and he is discovering, as so many have discovered, that the hard qualities that helped him in youth, determination and cynicism and selfishness, are unavailing in age. Mr. Roddles has become human. And with this new softness of character comes the painful realization that his own personal failure, his own loss of prestige, his own falling below the old standards rather than his vicarious success is what really matters. As he becomes more and more submerged the achievements of his brilliant sons become less



available as props for his self esteem. With the terrible inconsistency of age he now hates his sons for being what he has made them.

The end is characteristic. The former agnostic, proud of his cynicism, his self-reliant capacity for producing predetermined results, his intellectualism, his convention, is conquered not so much by failure, by poverty, by drink as by the optimistic trust of a Salvation lass in her God of spiritual battles and the uncritical affection of an alcoholic Pythias. And, above all, by age! Indeed, "The Tragedy of Age" would have been a fitting subtitle for the history of Mr. Roddles. For the "contrast in success," if the story really offers any, is of small moment. Failure is the keynote of the story, the failure of a man who tried to measure himself by his works. It with a keen appreciation of Mr. Neuman's psychology that we leave this hero—for grotesque as it may seem we may almost call him that—the red flag of revolution discarded for the equally crimson banner of corybantic salvation, glorifying in an enthusiasm that he never before experienced, clothed for the first time in the spirit of the conqueror.

Mr. Neuman's name is comparatively new in fiction, but if the book before us is a criterion he has begun where many novelists of repute have been content to leave off. Those who read "Roddles" will scarcely find fault with the prophecy that in the next decade its author will be numbered among the great analytical novelists of the day. ("Roddles:" A Contrast in Success." By B. Paul Neuman. Geo. H. Doran Co.)

"Garden of Dreams"

Of a fragile charm and the very essence of romance is "The Garden of Dreams," by Clarence Vallette McCau-

ley. A prettily-told tale, with none of the sordidness of life in it, and many passages of poetic description that bring one close to the heart of nature. The garden of dreams is a quaint old place surrounding a quaint old house—one of those fragrant gardens of old-fashioned flowers and whispering trees that are fast becoming memories. It is an ideal setting for an idealistic love story. The tale is told in letters written by Samuel Garth Winters to an old friend, by Miranda Rowan to her dead father. There are no real heart throbs in it, no problems nor entanglements—but a sweet and placid tale of love and marriage and the coming of a child. The reader is deftly given a good idea of Garth Winters without detailed description and the elusive charm of Miranda is a thing of beauty. It is a woman's tale from cover to cover; not a human document, but as pleasing as a lyric poem of spring. ("The Garden of Dreams." By Clarence Vallette McCauley. A. G. McClurg & Co.)

"Streets of Ascalon"

Robert W. Chambers is probably the most prolific writer of romantic novels in America, and each new story contains an amazing number of words scattered over an amazing number of pages. A new novel by Chambers gives the reader the same sensation that a theatergoer experiences who attends stock company performances week after week—new plays, but with reminiscent situations, and played by the same actors under different names. His heroines are all such wondrously beautiful, hot-house creatures, either saccharinely sweet or glamorously unmoral, and his heroes are the sort idealized by the high school damsel—tall, lean, usually with flaws in their characters which are remedied before the final chapter. There are the same padded pages of love passages—Chambers can describe a handclasp and a kiss with more words and more intense fervor than most authors would vouchsafe to their climaxes; in fact, he pays so much attention to the caresses of his characters that they become "slushy." His latest novel, "The Streets of Ascalon" is no exception. Of course, New York's highways and byways are the streets of Ascalon, and the puppets who go through their little string dance are the same crowd of "smart" society people and talented "Bohemians" that Chambers always utilizes. Even the illustrations confuse the reader, for Charles Gibson's picture of Strelsa Leeds is just like Valerie West in "The Common Law," and very bad pictures they are, too. Strelsa Leeds is a charming widow, possessed of all the graces and also a desire for the beautiful things of life. The hero is Richard Quarren, a sort of society jester, who in order to be in the center of the inner circle, dances to the piping of its rulers, and is fast sacrificing his self-respect and his chances to make something of his life. Of course, Strelsa and Richard, or Rix, look into each other's eyes—one of those long, lingering, swooning, Chambers' glances—their hearts do several Chambers' flip-flops; Strelsa will not marry Rix because she has engaged herself to a rich bounder and Rix is poor; Quarren decides to cease being a cotillion leader and a pink tea "tame cat" and make a place in the world for himself and, incidentally, for Strelsa. Of course, he succeeds, they always do in books. There is nothing to be said about the new novel which hasn't been thrown at its predecessors. There is not a single character in it which seems even remotely human. Chambers is undoubtedly clever; he has a trick of smart dialogue; a good fancy for scene-painting; a knowledge of the little niceties of life; but he has not created anything of lasting worth. There is a character in "The Streets of Ascalon," through whose mouth Mr. Chambers seems almost to defend himself—although this may be mere fancy. This is Westguard, the novelist, whose "highbrow" books have failed and

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whose lighter novel has caught on because the public fancies it finds resemblance in it to certain scenes and certain smart people. Westguard is furious because his "message" is unnoticed, and only the frivol of the book makes it popular. He is persuaded by Quarren that it is better to arrest the public's attention by the rather cheap medium of the story, then, cleverly, shoot a few moral pills into 'em," than not to reach the dear public at all. Are we having a few "moral pills shot into us" in "The Streets of Ascalon?" ("The Streets of Ascalon," by Robert W. Chambers. D. Appleton & Co.)

"Mis' Beauty"

Picturing the romantic side of plantation life Helen S. Woodruff has employed a plot as inconsequential as it is dainty and delicate in structure, in "Mis' Beauty." Marjory Lee, eldest daughter in a proud old Southern family, returning from a happy visit with friends and relatives who have paid lively court to her beauty and wit, suffers an unexpected and sad accident in a train wreck. A dashing young doctor from the North attends her in her serious illness. Hence, a sweet and gentle love story results. But the really entertaining feature of the book are several picturesque negro characters that are delightfully humorous and full of colorful life. Uncle Shoddy, the eloquent minister, but meek though irresponsible husband; Mammy, "one of dem Womans Suffers Advotecakers," of big heart and ponderous body, and Cookie, the invincible old maid. A tenet of Cookie's, or Mis' Averett's comfortable philosophy is quaintly declared in "ef yer can't play the banjo, says I, den try to do de patten' as de nex' bes' thing." Lavender and gold fitly encases this pretty idyll. ("Mis' Beauty." By Helen S. Woodruff. George H. Doran Co.)

"Where There's a Will"

Mary Roberts Rinehart is fast becoming known as a humorist, and there is no doubt that she has set the dear public to giggling many a time. Her latest book is "Where There's a Will," which has the advantage of a novel setting, in that a hot springs sanitarium is the doleful background arranged for Mrs. Rinehart's merri-

ment. This latest story is not so funny as its predecessors. One can almost imagine that the author feels the responsibility of being a humorist, and therefore, her pen refuses to roll out the laughs with the same spontaneity that once marked its flow. But comparisons are odious, and considering "Where There's a Will," on its own merits, undoubtedly, it is an entertaining and humorous tale. It is told by the spring-house girl who tries to run the sanitarium so as to save it for Dicky Carter, who has been left the place on condition that he take charge of it within a week after the reading of his grandfather's will and stay there two months. Dicky has eloped and cannot be found, so Minnie, the girl, gets in an imposter who assumes the leading role. There are many funny complications, plenty of romance, and the pictures of the patients at the sanitarium are side-splitting—one suspects Mrs. Rinehart of making copy of real people, for any one who has visited a hot springs resort will recognize the invalids and near-invalids and their crochets which she paints so funnily. (Where There's a Will," by Mary Roberts Rinehart. Bobbs-Merrill Co.)

"Out of the Wreck I Rise"

Sentimental past the vanishing point must be the verdict upon "Out of the Wreck I Rise," Beatrice Harraden's latest. Which is not saying that many, many persons will not love to read it. The unreal and impossible are the ladders upon which one may climb from stupid actuality. A clever man has cheated playwrights out of their proper royalties by juggling accounts, and so enriched himself. Like other clever thieves he went a little too far and was discovered. Then he throws himself upon the sympathy of two women whom he had loved and tired of; afterwards marrying a third and being father of a daughter, Alpenrose. One of the two women is a jewel merchant and collector of antiques, a Jewess, and described a thousand times in the pages of the book as "sullen." Adrian Steele had dominated her mind until the lust of power was satisfied, then gone and forgotten her for ten years. The other, Nell, was a woman of fine purpose and lofty mind whom he dominated also for a time. He showed her the sorrows of the world below her own and when she in turn, was cast aside by Adrian Steele's sated interest she took up settlement work and consoled herself with social service. Adrian Steele debates as to which one he will go to confess his crime and ask advice and help. They finally, one way and another both learn the truth and both devote all their resources to saving him. According to Miss Harraden, they are deeply stirred, but it is hard for the dispassionate reader to see why, he is so much like any other common little thief: touches of love of mountains, the lure of antiques and the sugary, unreal love of women fill the pages. The plot is nil, but the interest is sufficient to carry the reader along from page to page. ("Out of the Wreck I Rise," by Beatrice Harraden. F. A. Stokes & Co.)

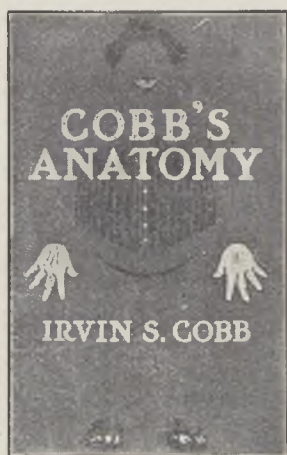
"Priscilla's Spies"

Romance is not dead and it is good to follow its rollicking course through the pages of a book. Truly "there is no charger like a verse of prancing poetry." Nor is there any passport to the world of dreams so sure, as a page of romance. "Priscilla's Spies," by G. A. Birmingham is a racy story of a vacation passed on the west coast of Ireland by an English lad. His school year closes in a burst of triumph and glory, as the hero of the athletic field and best exemplar of the "Tone of the House," which in the "eyes of a faithful schoolmaster is more precious than rubies!" With the adoring eyes of his hero-worshipping school-fellows upon him to the last he starts on his trip to an unknown port where an Irish girl cousin is to be his playmate. He prepares to overwhelm her with his uniforms and attainments, but what

happens is something quite different, and entirely entertaining. Priscilla's world is limited to the Bay of Rosnacree and its quaint sailor folk. She enlarges by the aid of a young, vivid and fresh imagination. She sees in the bay a strange party and at once decides that it is composed of spies! Of course, it is her duty as a loyal Irish patriot to find out about it. She does and fires her important young cousin with her enthusiasm. They have a very exciting time with shipwreck, pursuits and an elopement. There is a fresh, spontaneous humor about the telling that will make Mr. Birmingham a welcome guest in any home. ("Priscilla's Spies," By G. A. Birmingham. G. H. Doran Co.)

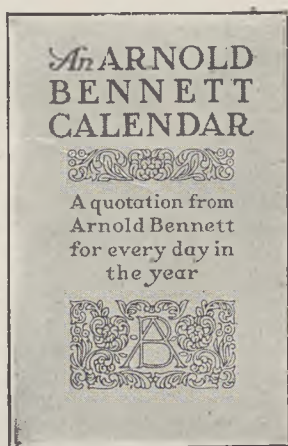
"Honeymoon" and "Milestones"

Arnold Bennett, as a dramatist, is smart but not weighty. This is the reason his plays have an extensive vogue in the book stores, and fail in the



theaters. It is rather astonishing to find the author of the ponderous "Clayhanger," toying with phrase and repartee with a deftness which must make even George Bernard Shaw jealous, but while this quality which makes "What the Public Wants," "Polite Farces," and "The Honeymoon" delightful reading, it has not prevented them from being dismal theatrical failures; likewise, although this same characteristic is absent in "Milestones" that piece has achieved at least a passing success in New York, although it is doubtful if its picturesque qualities will atone for its lack of dramatic force, and make it a big hit.

Judged as a drama "The Honeymoon" is a one-act idea spread over



three acts. As a series of conversations it is the best thing since the "Dolly Dialogues" of Anthony Hope Hawkins. It all hangs upon the idea that a woman who is superlatively beautiful, but nothing more, demands of her new husband a long honeymoon, on the ground that this is the supreme moment of her profession, which is simply being attractive. The husband, a champion aviator, feels impelled to shelve the honeymoon by reason of the fact that his position as head of his clan, is assailed by a for-eigner, and immediate action is demanded. A great variety of comedy characters are introduced and smiles are multiplied indefinitely. The value

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AT ALL BOOKSELLERS

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is all in the talk, and talk never yet made a play, although it is amusing reading.

In "Milestones," Bennett had as his collaborator Edward Knoblauch, whose plays have been sufficiently successful to give him a grasp of the demands of the stage. One can form a mental picture of him hacking away at the Bennett repartee, and transmuting conversation into action, until the drama is reduced to its fundamentals. The idea is picturesque, in that it shows the struggle of youth against authority through three generations, the revolutionist of one stage becoming the bulwark of conservatism of the next, his own success in overthrowing the ideas of his elders establishing him in his own mind as entitled to the position of arbiter of destiny. It is an interesting study of the eternal problem. ("The Honeymoon," by Arnold Bennett. "Mile-

stones," by Arnold Bennett and Edward Knoblauch. George H. Doran Co.)

"Literary Hearthstones of Dixie"

To this day Southern homes are noted for their gracious hospitality and genial firesides. Of these, in antebellum times, none could lay better claim to fame than "Woodlands," home of William Gilmore Simms, near Midway, the half-way stop between Charleston and Augusta. Mrs. La Salle Corbell Pickett, herself a most interesting Southerner, has described the manner of entertainment which prevailed at this fine old country place before the war, most attractively in her pilgrimages to "Literary Hearthstones of Dixie."

Two other names are closely associated with that of "Father Abbott," over which nom de plume Mr. Simms at one time contributed letters to a New

York paper. The congenial company that gathered in those days at Russell's Bookshop on King street included also Henry Timrod, "the flame-born poet," and Paul Hamilton Hayne, nearly related to Robert Y. Hayne, statesman-orator, and to Colonel Arthur P. Hayne, who fought under Jackson at New Orleans and later was United States senator. All three felt the cruelly devastating hand of the war-god—Timrod never really to recover the heavy financial losses and physical break-down. In certain respects this gentle poet recalls Shelley's brief, sad career. At "Cope Hill," near Augusta, Georgia, retreat of Hayne, "the poet of the pines,"—"a little apology of a dwelling perched on top of a hill overlooking in several directions hundreds of leagues of pine barrens"—these three rare friends met, after the war, to commune soul with soul and to listen to the whispers of the dryads for a fleeting moment before eternal night. Those were great days, and nights; and "Cope Hill," touched by the magic love of poetry, becomes a royal palace. A visit with "Uncle Remus" at the "Sign of the Wren's Nest," a sunny, happy day at "Snap Bean Farm," discovers the modest, lovable soul walking among his dearly beloved roses quite unconscious that to his guest Bre'r Fox and Bre'r Rabbit lurk in every corner and peer from every bush. It is probable that Joel Chandler Harris is not so well known as "Uncle Remus"—which pleases Mr. Harris, it would appear from Mrs. Pickett's description.

"I am a Virginian," declared Edgar Allan Poe, "at least I call myself one, for I have resided all my life until within the last few years in Richmond." At the same time he seems rather an alien in the group of Southern writers. For Father Ryan, "the poet-priest" whose "gentle, humble, and low-toned rhymes" have echoed "from heart to heart," for Dr. George William Bagby, who once declared that "a Virginian could not be a Virginian without bacon and greens," and whose "Letters of Mozis Addams," written for the "Southern Literary Messenger" of Richmond, determined his fame as a humorist, for Margaret Junkin Preston, the semi-blind poet of nature, and for Augusta Evans Wilson, "the 'Mother' of 'St. Elmo,'" Mrs. Pickett has a particularly personal word. She sits down by the flickering firelight and chats, as it were.

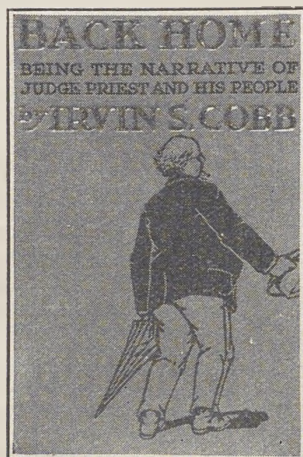
For Sidney Lanier, "the sunrise poet," a laurel wreath is woven;—and with consummate art once more the beautiful Lanier home on High street in Macon is opened, with its broad steps, wide veranda and many windows smiling upon the visitor as he enters. Again, Sidney and his brother, Clifford, fish along the banks of the Ocmulgee and the future musician-poet pipes merrily on that famous reed flute, to the woodland birds. Although a literary friend also, the story of Francis Scott Key, the poet whose most lasting distinction is based upon one production (for the Star-Spangled Banner makes him national in the truest sense), is as of a voice out of the tomb. "In Georgetown stands a two-storied, gable-roofed, dormer-windowed house, bearing in black letters the inscription, 'The Key Mansion.' Below is the announcement that it is open to the public from 9 a. m. to 5 p. m. daily, excepting Sunday." Thus is the "poet of the flag" being honored visibly.

Almost in the nature of newspaper "interviews are all the sketches. But Mrs. Pickett's poetical style of expression happily softens this impression and beautifies the pictures to a more artistic and finished state, that captures the fancy at once. ("Literary Hearthstones of Dixie." By LaSalle Corbell Pickett. J. B. Lippincott Co.)

"Adventures of Kitty Cobb"

Charming, American to her finger tips; swaggy and natty, and the heroine of a romance in pictures and words entitled "The Adventures of Kitty Cobb," is the creation of James Montgomery Flagg. This young artist has

a virile pen. His men are not dashingly handsome creatures, nor do they look like clothing advertisements for "This Style \$15, Warranted to Hold Its Shape." Clawhammer and Tack Hammer Brand." Kitty Cobb herself is a round and lusciously-curved bit of femininity, who has rather astonishingly good fortune, according to the story told by Mr. Flagg in order to give his pictures excuse—and they need no excuse except themselves. Kitty leaves her country home for the city, works in a department store, then as usher in a theater. From the attention of a Johnny she is rescued by one of "our prominent society matrons," marries the son of her protector, quarrels, makes up, and probably "lives happy ever after." The high lights of Kitty's career are graphically portrayed by Mr. Flagg, who gives that peculiarly human quality to his characters that is lacking in so many of our illustrators. The book is especially suited for gift



purposes for school girls and debutantes. ("The Adventures of Kitty Cobb." By James Montgomery Flagg. George H. Doran Co.)

Full of Literary Memories

All up and down the New England coast are numerous quaint little towns and prosperous cities about which hover the spirit of the past and the faint sweet perfume of romance and tender memories. The "Historical Summer Haunts from Newport to Portland," which F. Lauriston Bullard has chosen to visit and to linger about lovingly in discursive mood, now at this colonial mansion or that, now at that point of land overlooking the sea or wide stretch of lovely valley, while he recounts the traditions of other



days grown mellow and poetical with repetition and age, are Newport, Plymouth, Quincy, Lexington, Concord, Marblehead, Gloucester, Salem, the valley of the Merrimac, Newburyport, Portsmouth and Portland. Newport for its glamor of beauty, wealth, gallantry and fashion, Plymouth for its pilgrim memories, Quincy where the spirits of Hancock and Adams still walk in shadowy form, Lexington, of revolutionary fame where Independence spoke in murderous musket roar, approach with stirring tread the ground where well-nigh sacred literary traditions speak from the very trees and shrubs and grasses. Concord where philosophical peace has absorb-

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ed the feverish din of war and the "river of peace" "runs slowly because it hates to leave Concord," as Alcott so quaintly puts it, is a veritable literary mecca. Here abode the universal seer, Emerson, the fanciful, filigree novelist, Hawthorne, the delightfully eccentric Amos Bronson Alcott, and the "Little Women," Beth, Anna, May and Louisa May Alcott, and the economist-nature-lover, Henry D. Thoreau of Walden Pond. Add to these ghostly yet vitally alive presences the company of phantom patriots that ride over the country roads and re-enact the exciting scenes of the war for Independence; it is small wonder Mr. Bullard lingers. He visits the Wayside Inn, "under the sign of the Red Horse," where gathered that rare little group of sojourners, a new Canterbury group, which Longfellow has made famous, and enumerates and expatiates upon its charms. Pass an hour in "old Marblehead" with Mr. Bullard; old Marblehead, where Skipper Ireson took his memorable ride; hear of the "Great Gale, of Moll Pitcher and pretty, faithful Agnes Surriage who became Lady Frankland, and of the "spirit of '76." Visit Gloucester, that quaint fishing town where the Hesperus was wrecked on Norman's Woe, where American Universalism was born, and the cottage of Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, "looks sad in its loneliness now that its owner is gone." "Salem" witchcraft, Salem's commerce, Salem's associations with Hawthorne, and Salem's colonial architecture—these make the attraction of that city. . . . Salem has no fewer than eight Hawthorne houses: the house of his birth, the house of his youth, the house of his courtship, the house in which James T. Fields persuaded him to surrender the manuscript of "The Scarlet Letter," the House of the Seven Gables, the customhouse, and two other houses in which the writer lived." It is a veritable revel, an orgy in romance among the many queer, gabled mansions and gambrel-

roofed houses of the town, at one time gay with the laughter and life of courtly men and powdered, stately dames. The valley of the Merrimac is the land of Whittier, filled with the gentle music of the Quaker poet and patriot. The glory of Newburyport is the light of many great names: Oliver Wendell Holmes, the "Autocrat," who wrote in Elsie Venner "somewhat at length of the three old towns, Newburyport, Portsmouth and Portland"; of Rufus King, Robert Treat Paine, John Quincy Adams, William Lloyd Garrison; of Whitfield, and the Tracy family; of "Lord" Dexter, whose showy place Katherine Tingley now owns. Portsmouth has "no more affectionate admirer" than Thomas Bailey Aldrich, and "The Bad Boy" has made this sleepy "Old Town by the Sea" dear to countless readers of his pranks. "Out at sea, nine miles away, is that 'heap of bare and splintery crags' known as the Isles of Shoals" of which Celia Thaxter sings. And,—With a volume of Longfellow's poems in your pocket, and two or three hours reading of the history of Portland, (which Mr. Bullard invests with marvelous charm), you will be ready for a pilgrimage to

the beautiful town
That is seated by the sea.

Louis H. Ruyl, who loves with equal fervor evidently, the places visited by Mr. Bullard, illustrates the text beautifully throughout with dainty pen sketches. It is an unusually entertaining book to the scholar and the plain, average person as well. ("Historic Summer Haunts from Newport to Portland." By F. Lauriston Bullard. Little, Brown and Co.)

"Kewpies and Dotty Darling"

Not a heart, whether it is grown up or tender with childhood, but will fall a victim to the lure of Rose O'Neill's book, "The Kewpies and Dotty Darling." The Kewpies are the first real rivals to Palmer Cox's famous Brownies, and formidable rivals they are.

Who can resist their chubby, dimpled, wide-eyed cheeriness. Unhampered by conventions or clothes they rescue little Dotty from the doldrums; and perform all sorts of delightful feats for her, from making a circus and joining her in spelling lessons to filling her berry bucket. The rhyming stories are deftly done, but the illustrations are the mainstay of the volume. On every page there are fat, unclothed little Kewpies, each good for a wide smile from the most petrified sense of humor. The variety of expressions, the twinkling eyes and smiling mouths of them are tonics for older minds than "Baby's." It is a valuable addition to holiday books for the wee ones. ("The Kewpies and Dotty Darling," by Rose O'Neill. George H. Doran & Co.)

"Carmen Sylva"

Reprinted sketches from the Orient by Pierre Loti, have a present interest in the light of the threatened changes in Turkey. It cannot always remain a spot of Orientalism in the heart of Europe. Constantinople in 1890 as seen by a poet's eyes was an entrancing place. The old residence of the Caliphs and the "Old Seraglio" summon up a world of dreams, while the Imperial mosque, with its slender dome piercing the sky and from which issues the muezzin cry, is the strangest of all. It symbolizes the entire religion, a proud and tranquil mysticism." The volume under consideration is entitled "Carmen Sylva." The opening essay concerns Pierre Loti's reflections upon his last visit with the sad and sweet queen. Pleasant comment on Japanese women completes the collection, written with the limpid clearness of the author's well known style. ("Carmen Sylva." By Pierre Loti. Macmillan Co.)

"Motor Journeys"

For those who enjoy their tales of travel weighted with as little of history and description as is consistent in a book of this genus, Louise Closser Hale's "Motor Journeys" will prove a delight. Each "journey" is a sort of rambling reminiscence of a delightful run taken by the author of the text and her husband, Walter Hale, whose excellent sketches often supply almost the sole scenic description of the chapter. Then there is always a charmingly humorous personal note sounded, either by a pair of unsuspected lovers, innocently invited for the jaunt with no thought of any attendant responsibility, or the naive following of a bioscope machine through various towns and villages of France, this bioscope presenting along with a view of Grant's Tomb—a mere secondary consideration—a view of the author and her husband motoring down Riverside Drive. The book is rich in suggestion for those who contemplate motoring abroad, in Italy, France, England, Northern Africa or Spain, the latter land of romance having become quite available for automobilists in the last few years, by the placing of efficient guards of soldiery along the roads, eliminating entirely the possibility of attacks by the mountain bandits—which may be an attraction or detraction, according to the age and romantic inclination of the traveler. It also takes the reader along the Italian route traveled by Lucretia Borgia on the way to marry her third husband, with entertaining descriptions of all the stops made by that strong-minded person for the purposes of rest, entertainment, or the distinctively feminine purpose of washing her hair; along the course which takes in a variety of French "cures;" on a motoring hegira to the tomb of a marabout, which, it appears is not only the name of a cheaper species of ostrich, but is also the title of a certain class of man, alive or dead. If defunct, he occupies the tomb in the peace of death, or if living he may yet enjoy its seclusion with what peace is to be expected with a harem in the immediate vicinity. Walter Hale has added an illuminating chapter valuable to those who contemplate an automobile trip through Eu-

rope. His contribution is on the cost of motoring abroad, including a comparison of the rates charged by the various steamship companies for the transportation of cars from various points on the American seaboard, and from various points in England and Germany to other European ports. The delightful personalities of the authors gleam rough the entire book, lending charm to every page. The reader feels himself a particularly intimate guest, unseen, but appreciated, and appreciating to the full all of the delicate shafts of humor sped in his direction by the clever authors. ("Motor Journeys." By Louise Closser Hale and Walter Hale. A. C. McClurg & Co.)

"Beauty and the Jacobin"

Booth Tarkington is a wise young man. In proof of this, witness the large number of his fiction and stage successes he has turned out, with an inconsequential number of failures. So



Harold MacGrath

[Author of "The Place of Honeymoons"]

when Booth Tarkington does something unusual it is worth while looking into the matter to ascertain his motive. He has just written a one-act play, "Beauty and the Jacobin," which, being too long for vaudeville and too short for an entire evening's performance, manifestly, was not written for the stage. Why, then, did Mr. Tarkington write it in the form of a play instead of a novel, when he is a novelist by profession and only



From "The Bride's Hero"
[F. A. Stokes Co.]

a playwright by collaboration? The answer doubtless is that Mr. Tarkington, being wise in the ways of modern literary demand and supply, has discovered that, little by little, the printed play is crowding the other forms of literature in the estimation of the public, and little by little buyers of books are evincing their preference for fiction in the dramatic form. The great number of printed plays which have ap-

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peared in the last year is sufficient proof of this condition. The play condenses the entire idea into terms of action and that large section of the public which cares little for literary embroidery as distinguished from literary ideas finds its wants satisfied better by the dramatic form. "Beauty and the Jacobin" is just a little romance of the escape of a party of French aristocrats at the time of the revolution, told merrily and quickly. It is not Mr. Tarkington's best work, nor yet his least meritorious, but it is especially deserving of attention as indicating the tendency mentioned. ("Beauty and the Jacobin." By Booth Tarkington. Harper & Bros.)

"This Stage of Fools"

In these days when grim realism has the first call it is an unusual experience to encounter an architect of stories who is not engaged in the bitter feud between romance and reality, but stands aside and builds his stories independently of either movement. It would be absurd to call the stories in "This Stage of Fools," the latest collection by Leonard Merrick, realistic. His men and women are theatrical, and, possibly, it was a realization of this tendency that inspired the title. In any event they are not the sort of people one meets. One suspects, as a matter of fact, that Merrick himself is not deeply interested in his own creations, excepting as they furnish him with members of the two

sexes to hang his plots upon, for with him, the plot is the thing. There have been so many latter day De Maupassants that one hesitates to add another to the list, but Merrick has the same capacity as the noted Frenchman for weaving a tale which coheres and moves swiftly along to a denouement either surprising or inevitable, according to the character of the story. He has also the De Maupassant simplicity of style, although it is marred frequently by grammatical lapses and bad diction. This art of telling a story for the sake of the story itself is one that is in great danger at the present time. O. Henry was a past master, and Gouverneur Morris, in spite of the fact that he writes so voluminously, has the knack, allied with a rare literary style. Merrick has a place as distinctive as either, for in addition to the ability to create novel situations, he possesses an instinct for the dramatic twist. Most of the more important younger writers of today are too deeply interested in the promulgation of ideas to care much about the story for its own sake, and so fiction has taken a turn toward the simple plot with analytical and psychological embroideries. This, of course, is a valuable trend, and tends toward the dignifying of fiction, but it is not calculated to supply the healthy demand for pure entertainment. So if the youth of the land is to be saved from the vapid trash of Robert W. Chambers and the seemingly ceaseless flood of David Gra-

ham Phillips' posthumous serials, there should be encouragement for Leonard Merrick. His romance is healthy, free from the erotic, and always entertaining. He is one of the best story tellers of the day. ("This Stage of Fools." By Leonard Merrick. Mitchell Kennerley.)

"Africa of To-day"

Albeit we buy seven tenths of all the guide books sold we Americans are for the most part remarkably deficient in geographical knowledge. The subject receives very little attention in our public schools while in our newspapers and periodicals—the schoolbooks of our maturer years—we hear wonderfully little of what is going on in the world at large, unless it be in the scandal section of the Sunday edition. To most Americans, excepting, perhaps, those who inhabit the metropolises of the Atlantic seaboard, the remainder of the world is as remote and uninteresting as the planet Mars, and receives just about the same amount of attention.

The reason is not far to seek. Though the United States is now an empire it has become one too recently for us to take more than a casual interest in our overseas dominions. When we are told that a Mori Dato is not a new variety of alligator pear we are only mildly intrigued. If we had to look to these overseas dominions as highly necessary stamping grounds for the energies of our penurious younger sons it might be otherwise. But we have not this need. Only a small percentage of us have younger sons and they are usually born with their feet on the kind of promised land that Giuseppe and Hans dream about when they have forgotten to take their wages home of a Saturday night. It is true that the local opportunities for hair raising adventures of the Deadwood Dick order are being annually curtailed, a fact which might be expected to send our juvenile hero worshippers to "furrin parts" in search of appropriate thrills. But it happens that our youth's taste for adventure is also becoming educated. "The Young Scalphunters" has waned in interest before the tense chapters of "How Tony the Bellhop Bossed the Third Ward" or "Heine the Brave Little Trousers Cutter."

The moral of all of which is that Mr. Goodrich's volume, painstakingly written or compiled as it seems to be, is not likely to be too well patronized. And indeed, even for those who still believe that the world is their educational oyster "Africa of To-day" is rather a dry affair, being apparently little more than a sketchy compilation from the articles in the Encyclopaedia Britannica. We may assume that Mr. Goodrich has visited the dark continent, personally. Yet every line of the volume before us might easily have been written by one who had not been east of the Hudson river. The chief interest of Africa as a whole is its future as the bone—perhaps one should say the carcass—over which European diplomacy will quarrel. So far as any use the place may be to the white man is concerned the sooner the boundary commissioners get on the spot the better. The affront upon the dignity and happiness of the inconsequent son of Ham will be resented only by provincial newspaper editors short of copy. But a great deal of Africa is still useless commercially and from the colonist's point of view. Only by sedulously fostering the big game mania among ex-Presidents and other crowned heads will the Senegambian of fifty years hence be able to slake a legitimate thirst for glass beads, stovepipe hats and vodka—the cream of the European market in fact.

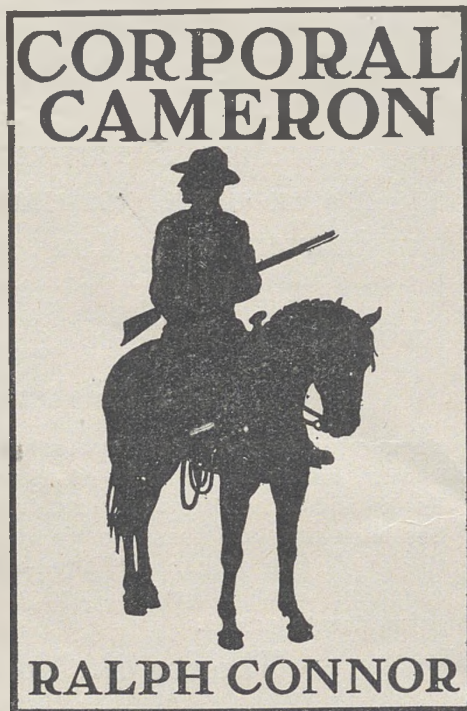
The United States is now interested in Africa only to the extent of a virtual protectorate over the Republic of Liberia, from which we may rest assured that said Republic will continue to wave in innocuous but unimpaired desuetude while all other denizens of the jungle are taking to the trees before the relentless march of the combined clergy of Western Europe. This coun-

try at least is not likely to extend its activities in that direction. When you can bag the limit from your own doorstep as it were, why bother about the great common indivisible mother lode of potential buck and wing artists that now prance unsuspectingly beneath their native baobab trees?

It must not be supposed that Mr. Goodrich proceeds in this emotional, but uninstructional strain. "Africa of To-day" contains a vast amount of information that one ought to have, but which one would never dream of acquiring piecemeal or by reference to the sources to which Mr. Goodrich has gone for his material. It is just the kind of book one should give to one's son to read with the promise of a dollar watch when the task is performed. Try it. ("Africa of To-day." By Joseph King Goodrich. A. C. McClurg Co.)

"A Bachelor's Comedy"

Rev. Andrew Deane, one learns from the wrapper of "A Bachelor's Comedy," by way of informal introduction to the principal character in the story, "was the sort of man to whom any woman might propose and be sure that he would accept her to avoid hurting her feelings." There is a reassurance that the gentle vicar's fate was not so ruth-



lessly thrust upon him, but it is an excellent index to his character. In writing this book J. E. Buckrose has turned to a form of literature which is never ultra-fashionable, nor sensationally popular, but in which success will always win a large and devoted, if somewhat quiet following. His devotees will not rave in exuberant school-girl phrases, but will roam through his pages with contemplative delight. There are few authors who have made a success of such pictures of life in a little village, for it requires an artistry of highest caliber to sustain interest where there is no six-cylinder plot; but he does not seek to appeal to that class of readers who demand of a book that it shall keep them up until all hours of the night, unable to sleep until he has married Her, or who, if interrupted for a moment will slam the volume face down that it may be snatched up again at the precise spot in the tale at the first opportunity. Those who find pleasure in such books as "A Bachelor's Comedy" are not of the bookmark clan, and are quite willing to read again a few pages, previously perused, when resuming the book. It is a little backwater of life that Buckrose has chosen for the staging of his slender romance. It has its eddies, but they are limpid and clear, free from froth and foam. The roar of the stream is heard only in vague echoes, and infinite peace and happiness clothe the scene. The scent of old fashioned flower-gardens floats in the air and there is perfect emancipation for the time from the clash and turmoil

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of all that the word "modern" has come to mean in literature. One needs a book like this now and then to maintain the mental poise, to give the soul a rest, to restore optimism and renew faith in universal good. ("A Bachelor's Comedy." By J. E. Buckrose. George H. Doran Co.)

"Mrs. Lancelot"

Hewlett, the master of language, the perfect historical romancer, the dabbler in modern social conditions has given us a new book. In "Mrs. Lancelot" he deals with that still romantic period, the England of the 1830's and vivifies the times in his best historical manner. Who does not delight to revel through Vauxhall and Covent Garden with Wellington, Talleyrand, Tom Moore? The heroine, Georgiana is the "Victim of Assumptions." For no reason she marries Lancelot, a stick of a lover who lives only for ambition. Then, without trying, she succeeds in attracting the attention of the Iron Duke of Devises who has loomed on Lancelot's horizon as the hoped for dispenser of patronage. Lancelot is made secretary of the Duke, and there follows an equivocal though really colorless and innocent menage a trois. The Duke is a fine figure of the man of power, reminding one of Meredith's Old Buccaneer, with this difference: he is sentimental enough to allow Georgiana to be merely his Egeria.

Georgiana, loved by two men and loving neither is in dangerous case and falls straightway in love with a fiery and most romantically devoted poet. Gervase Poore is in many respects the Senhouse of Open Country, but without the asceticism and self denial of that enthusiastic open air philosopher. He makes violent court

the Golden Age, the story ends happily. Gervase "on a slope of the vine-bright hills which overhang the sea—set up for her a school of love and taught her the mysteries of it. He encompassed her with all the wild observance which youth and genius ever pay to beauty and gentleness." That is the end of the book.

Romance does not trouble itself with a cynic's clear eyes, nor should we querulously cavil at the "lived-happily-ever-after" story. The poor feminine pawn, even in this last state no less a victim of assumptions, is at any rate now far happier than she was before. She gets that glimpse of heaven that so divinely makes realities endurable. Romance ought to be true if it isn't. ("Mrs. Lancelot" By Maurice Hewlett, The Century Co.) C. K. J.

Kingsley's "Water Babies"

New illustrations to an old story are always like talking over a familiar old tale with a new friend. One's fancy is caught with new points of view. Ethel F. Everett has made twenty-four illustrations for "The Water Babies" by Charles Kingsley, issued by Little Brown & Company. They are as delicate and charming as the text. Nearly all are of the ocean deeps, where there are sea moths of lovely colors, sea fairies to guide the way and where it is "so comfortable to have nothing on but yourself." ("The Water Babies." By Charles Kingsley. Little, Brown & Co.)

"Three Wonderlands of the West"

Thomas D. Murphy has made a valuable contribution to the literary history of the land of a thousand natural wonders beyond the Rockies in his highly illuminating work "Three Wonderlands of the American West." Mr. Murphy is the author of several interesting and instructive travel books dealing with out-of-the-way localities in the British Isles but he has gone further in a bookish way in this late writing than on any previous occasion. He seems to realize the need of bringing to the minds of the American people the stupendous beauty of their native west. It may have been a belated awakening, even on the part of the writer, so ardent is he in his descriptions and so emphatically does he impress the advantages of domestic travel upon the minds of his readers. One judges that the author himself was delightfully surprised to find that it was not necessary to climb foreign peaks to see far vistas of nature's grandeur. In the preface he declares that it was only after studying Thomas Moran's graphic illustrations in paint of the wonders of western scenery that he felt the call of his native wilds. He came out to satisfy his curiosity, no doubt, and remained to marvel and personify. His descriptions are graphic and direct and full of interest. He paints in words of brilliant color the matchless phenomena of deserts, forests, canyons, peaks, and water-falls yet at no time does he indulge in extravagant terms or mere laudatory words or phrases that have no value in his composition and by the use of which the inexperienced writer too often fails to carry a conviction of the truth to the minds of his readers. Mr. Murphy's description of the Grand Canyon is a masterpiece as also is the chapter on



"The Kewpies," by Rose O'Neill
[George H. Doran & Co.]

to Georgiana under the very noses of her guardians, self-appointed and legal. The Duke sees the play and does not interfere, the husband cannot see anything. The Duke generously requires a change of air, and they all coach to Italy. In that romantic country, in that softening atmosphere the inevitable elopement occurs.

If romance is at all possible, or if the imagination of a true poet has power to translate two creatures to a life in

Yellowstone Park and the Yosemite. The closing chapters deal in a general way with other interesting features of the west, treating of desert landscape, Indian life, New Mexico scenery, and the missions of California. The volume is handsomely illustrated with reproductions in full color of the paintings of Thomas Moran, N. A., and as an art work the book recommends itself to painters and art lovers as well as to the nature lover who knows the lure of the dim trails. ("Three Wonderlands of the American West" By Thomas D. Murphy. L. C. Page & Co.)

"Aesop's Fables"

Aesop's Fables illustrated in colors by Arthur Rackham have new force and charm. The wise old saws seem of today "touched up" judiciously. He has a genius stroke for making inanimate things seem human. The oaks that were cut down by the ax for which they had sacrificed the ash to make a handle, lose nothing of their character of trees when they become grinning monster imps. ("Aesop's Fables." Doubleday, Page & Co.)

"Colonial Homes and Furnishings"

"Show me the architecture of a people and I will read you their personal history," once declared a great philosopher of bygone days. A careful survey of this rather sweeping statement brings the reviewer to the conclusion that the individual who uttered these words referred to architecture in the broadest sense of the word. That is to say, that by the exterior and interior of a habitation we may judge the mental and moral development of the person whose individuality it expresses. This is very true for as we gaze down the far vista of the past we can read clearly the intellectual standing of dead and gone peoples in the relics they have left behind and in this respect our own American colonial period is now almost far enough in perspective to begin to generalize upon its products. Mary H. Northend in her extensive and comprehensive volume "Colonial Homes and Their Furnishings" has accomplished what few writers upon this much-worked subject have succeeded in doing. She has drawn back the curtain that separates today from yesterday and while she treats only those phases of her theme bearing directly upon her specific topic, she gives us a clear insight into the life of the early times that almost amounts to a personal history of our stately, straight-laced forebears. Despite the fact that the color of life in those now reminiscent days of periwig and knee-buckles was dull in hue and restricted to a hopelessly narrow horizon it produced an architecture and a period in art that has never been approached in refinement of design or simplicity of line by our broad-minded modernists of today. After a long reign of hideous ante-bellum creations and later still the "Grand Rapids" period of house furnishings, we have begun to realize the value of colonial furniture (not bric-a-brac) in a home where good taste and good art is to be the key-note. The fad for collecting "old pieces" has carried away well-meaning housewives beyond a sane minded limit and an ambition to have a sincere interior has ended sadly in a jumble of spurious reproductions and hit-and-miss junk minus meaning and worth. A careful reading of Mary H. Northend's work is strongly recommended to all who indulge in "collecting" and for the student of colonial history the book is equally valuable. The author knows her subject and treats it with rare understanding. Beginning with the old "frame house" and "lean-to", she progresses down to the large square wooden mansion and stately brick abode with which the period ended. The second chapter is devoted to porches and it is followed by a discussion on door-knockers and another on fenders. Other chapters deal with the house interiors and take up in order halls and stairways, fireplaces and mantelpieces, wall

papers, mirrors, clocks, furniture, etc. The final chapters treat of candlesticks, glass, china, pewter, and silver. The author has for many years been an ardent student of colonial homes, has had unrestricted access to the best houses and the treasures they contain, and has accumulated a truly remarkable collection of photographs of the finest examples of the homes and their furnishings, the best of which have been reproduced for the present work.



Charles Tenney Jackson
[Author of "The Midlanders"]

("Colonial Homes and Their Furnishings" By Mary H. Northend, Little, Brown & Co.)

"Life of Mansie Wauch"

One of the most delightful literary offerings of the present season is the reprint of David Noir's immortal Scotch masterpiece, "The Life of Mansie Wauch" which A. C. McClurg Company has issued. In this day of the problem novel and the near psychological writings of our modish get-rich-quick authors we find little time for the works of the masters of the past. The literary condition in America today is appalling. When we consider the brand of authors monopolizing the contents of



Susan Glaspell
[Author of "Lifted Masks"]

our high class periodicals and whose works crowd the shelves of our public libraries, it would seem that as a people we are lost in a maze of mental and moral indecision. The present day standard of book publications is a barometer to our intellectual temper and it registers a sad state of affairs. Satire has long ago supplanted humor and sad as it may seem, America has no real humorist living today. To those who care for a solid literary treat of a highly educational, stimulating, and thoroughly humorous nature, let us recommend "The Life of Mansie Wauch: Tailor in Dalkeith," written by

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himself and edited by Mr. D. M. Noir. Sixty years ago the names of David Noir and John Galt were ones to conjure with and much delightful Scotch humor is associated with these writers. The present generation knows little or nothing about them which, of course, is its loss. This new edition of quaint dialect romance, philosophy, and human experience of the tailor of Dalkeith is given to us at this time in a handsome edition with colored illustrations by Charles Martin Hardie, R. S. A., far outstripping in attractiveness the Edinburgh publications of olden days. ("The Life of Mansie Wauch," by David M. Noir. A. C. McClurg & Co.)

"The Daughter of Heaven"

Literature is valuable or not according to whether or not it brings new information or new points of view. If it does neither of these things it may be interesting, entertaining, amusing, but not intrinsically valuable. "The Daughter of Heaven" is a valuable piece of literature. It deals with a clash of rival dynasties, the Tartar and the Chinese, in that great country which western nations lump and call China. The value of the work is not so much in the information it contains, for it is doubtful if Pierre Loti and Judith Gautier have

attempted to confine themselves to historical data, despite the preface with its inside view of Chinese affairs of a score of years ago. The importance of the play is psychological, entirely. Even more on this western coast, where the people are the nearest neighbors to the Chinese, there is always that same occidental tendency to regard the Chinese races as occupying a world by themselves. They are conceded human form and human faculties, although to a limited degree in many respects, but their ideals and emotions have not appealed to the western world as of the conventionally accepted sort. That the Chinese and Tartars may love and hate the same as French and English, does not seem so revolutionary an idea, but it is a new point of view after all—this intimate view of these people of the mysterious empire. As a drama, "The Daughter of Heaven" shares in the same faults that are inherent in many of the dramas of the last two years. To be an assured success on the stage, it would seem now that there must be elaborate pictures for the audience to gaze upon and that high colors and "atmosphere" are the first demands. Consequently the action of the play, which, dealing as it does with courts and monarchs, cannot escape a slow stateliness, is in-

came to drag wine these pictures and atmospheric conditions are being developed. Only in the third act, where the empress, in full panoply of war, stands with her soldiers as they conduct their hopeless defense of the palace, are the situations relieved of this incumbrance, and then not for long. This, of course, is because the play was written first of all for the stage, and only secondarily for reading purposes. The arbitrary division into "scenes" is unnecessary and confusing. These faults, however, are superficial to the real worth of the work. ("The Daughter of Heaven." By Pierre Loti and Judith Gautier. Duffield & Co.)

"The Drifting Diamond"

There is nothing in the least bit original about Mr. Colcord's "Drifting Diamond" or the characters that fall foul of its destiny. We have met them all before, indeed, they are regular stock patterns of the fiction trade. The ship's captain who tells the tale, the youthful victim of the diamond's malevolent disposition, the mysterious and, in this case, benevolent Chinaman, and the others of them. However, "The Drifting Diamond" is only mildly blood-thirsty—at least, the bloodshed mostly occurs "off"—and there is an excellent description of a typhoon in it. At any rate, it sounds excellent and leaves about the same impression that Conrad's masterpiece of descriptive writing on the same subject did. Indeed, "The Drifting Diamond" is written altogether in a manner somewhat above that usually expended on this brand of fiction, and if Mr. Colcord will find a more inspiring subject he should be heard from. ("The Drifting Diamond." By Lincoln Colcord. The Macmillan Co.)

"Eve's Other Children"

In "Eve's Other Children" Lucille Baldwin Van Slyke has strung a charming chaplet of stories, dealing with the life of Nazileh, a little Syrian girl, transplanted to the tenement districts of Brookline. The title is indicative of this tenement life, since "Eve's Other Children" are those who "must toil, wearily, bitterly, knowing that their happier brothers and sisters are ignorant of their suffering," according to the old Syrian legend which Nazileh's mother tells her: "For in the days after Eve was driven from the Garden of Eden she wandered about the world burdened with many, many children. . . . Once, when she was striving wearily to bathe and feed them, a great radiance made her conscious that Allah was near. In dismay, she hurriedly pushed all the unwashed of her brood into a cave and bade them hide until Allah should pass," and for this mistake of Mother Eve has Allah punished the offspring of the wretched ones concealed in darkness. The author has, in these stories, succeeded in creating an atmosphere in which the mystery of the Orient and the sordid facts of Dix street, Brooklyn, are perfectly blended. Nazileh is met with her sloe eyes and pretty, Oriental politeness, wheeling her baby brother, Antar, "mos' bes' nice babee een Ameerca" in his second-hand "perahmboolate," Leila, "little mother of my heart," endlessly making lace, Tommy O'Brien who in Nazileh's soft guttural becomes "Tommee-oo-breen," with his red hair, his Irish brogue and his devotion to Nazileh, and, finally, phlegmatic, Teutonic Geraldine who explains that she "aint Dutch but Cherman."

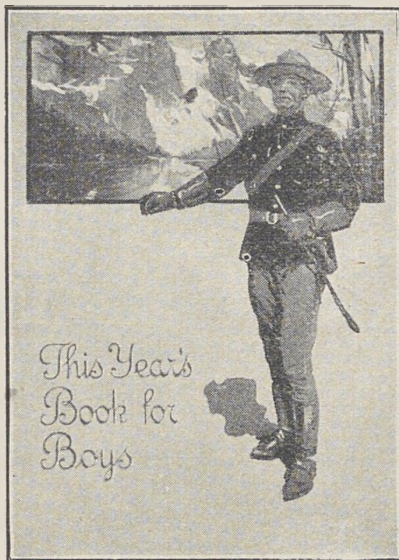
"A ger-rm like teechea tells—a ger-rm! A diszees ger-rm!" gasps Nazileh; "Aie! Geeral-deen, you ees nod! They ees small, those ones. Ef thad we eat them, they geev us scarlet fev' an' black deeth an'—"

Geraldine stood and laughed until her pink cheeks looked like a ripe pomgranate.

"A Cherman!" she snickered; "I said a Cherman! They ain't the same like a cherm." And so, bit by bit, little Nazileh learns her "Ameerca En'-leesch," and that the "waxnate keep off the black deeth, an' thad the evil

eye is nod so." We see her sell her sacred "leedle beads" to buy sneinatt, according to Syrian custom, when baby Antar's first tooth comes. We see her learning to make a "flower o' lace mor' nice than thad of Cheraldeen." We see her snuggled in sleep close to the beloved "babee Antar" under the "rug of her fathers,"—the rug which plays such a dramatic part in one of the little stories; and we soon learn to love and admire the patient courage and the unselfish love of this little "Ameerca."

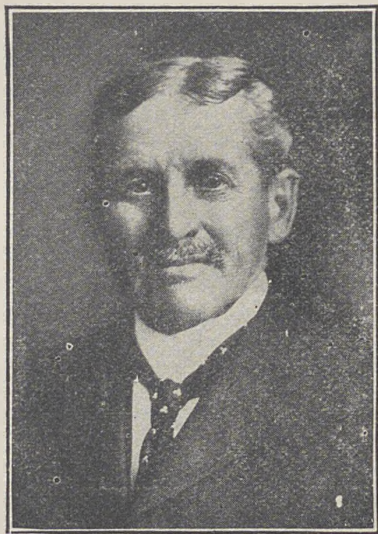
Miss Van Slyke has done for these soft-spoken Syrians, come to the American melting-pot, what Myra Kelly did for the Russian children in her well-known "Little Citizen" stories: given us a sympathetic point of view upon the lives and characters of the



peoples who are being added unto us. ("Eve's Other Children." By Lucille Baldwin Van Slyke. F. A. Stokes Co.)

Primitive Africans at Home

"When a white man first commences a stay among negroes he usually considers them all to be ugly, and finds great difficulty in distinguishing individuals from one another or in recognizing natives whom he has previously met," says M. W. Hilton-Simpson in his descriptions of "Land and Peoples of the Kasai." But "as time goes on, however, he becomes so used to the negro type of countenance that his ideas as to its ugliness undergo a change, and he soon comes to regard many individuals as quite handsome;



Robert J. Burdette

[Author of "Old Time and Young Tom"]

for he begins to judge more by a bright and ready smile or an open honest countenance than by a European standard of regularity of feature."

In October of 1907, having been prevented by trouble between France and Morocco from undertaking a trip in the Sahara desert Mr. Simpson embraced the opportunity of accompanying Emil Torday, a collaborator with T. A. Joyce of the British Museum in the writing of numerous papers relating to the Congo natives for the Anthropological Institute, and Norman H. Hardy, an

artist who had won recognition as a painter of native life, to equatorial Africa, for the purpose of studying the black man in his primitive state. The party remained in this forbidding region for two years, living among the natives, not in the "stations" of the trading companies, where the influence of the European has affected the manners and customs of the Ethiopian; but in the remote jungle villages, patiently collecting curios, skulls, specimens of handiwork, woodcarving and data. Although met with considerable hostility on the banks of the Kasai and Sankuru rivers, and encountering much danger both from the liability of attack from the suspicious natives and the character of the country and climate, the peaceable travelers were able to proceed through practically terra incognita, to the scientific world, ethnologically. The "stations" or "factories" of several trading companies, outposts of commerce which dot the country, make traveling far different from the days of Speke and Stanley, Livingstone, and Emin Pasha.

Most interesting are Mr. Simpson's descriptions of the Bushongo tribe at Misuba. Here they made friends with Isambula N'Genga, the direct representative of Kwete Peshanga Kena, the Nyimi or king of the nation, with Pongo-Pongo, another high official, and with an old Bilumpu, or "instructor of the young." Now, as the last named individual is the preserver of the legends and folklores of the tribes they were able to gather much ethnological data here, and to get glimpses of the negro mind and fancy. Contrary to the usual order of things in African villages Misuba is a busy place. Not only do the women engage in agriculture, embroidery work of a high order and attend to their household duties, but—

In the midst of the long wide streets are situated many sheds under which work of all sorts is going on. In one of them the blacksmith—a much respected member of the community—may be seen at all hours busily engaged in the manufacture of the broad-bladed Bushongo knives, arrows, and spear-heads, iron bracelets, etc., while around him are clustered many bright-eyed, smiling children, clothed in nature's garb, who love to catch the sparks that fly and eagerly await a turn at manipulating the primitive hand-bellows with which the small fire is fanned. Around the sides of the shed old men squat, gravely smoking green tobacco in their long curved pipes of neatly carved wood, talking over local politics with the smith, whose opinion is, apparently, worth taking on any subject.

Bushongos, who apparently are "high brows" in African society, being cleanly, industrious, quiet and peaceable and fond of music and dancing, are not hunters; hence, they employ a race of dwarfs known as the Batwa, to kill game for them in the forest. A Bushongo legend has it that, in the beginning, the forest trees opened and gave these sprightly little hunters birth. The African is not without his sense of humor, also, as a quaint folk-tale concerning the "yuka," an animal with a weird, terrifying cry but a docile disposition (according to Mr. Simpson's experience), indicating the origin of the Bushongo proverb, "Remember the yuka's cry"—corresponding in moral to our English "Look before you leap," demonstrates. The foodstuffs grown on the soil cultivated by the women belong actually to the wives, but they must feed their husbands, for as one Batetela naively informed his questioners, "A man does not love his wife nearly so much when there is no food in the house." Another interesting thing noted is, with regard to the war tactics and particularly the signalling gong of the Batetelas. This is one of the most remarkable instruments in Central Africa.

It is made of a solid block of wood hollowed out with a primitive adze. It is hung round the drummer's shoulder by a leather strap, and is thus easily portable, and can be used in directing operations or for sending the chief's orders while he is traveling. The words are transmitted by a series of beats, or rather sharp "taps," of two rubber-headed stocks. The sounds thus produced, though not loud, are penetrating, so that messages can be easily distinguished at a distance of several

A Thrilling New Novel by CYRUS TOWNSEND BRADY

The West Wind

THERE are Indians, soldiers and cowboys galore, there's plenty of fighting and love making, and, above all, there's Amy Benham, "The West Wind," who is a heroine after your own heart.

Altogether, it's as good a story as Mr. Brady ever wrote, and no reader could ask for more than that.

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miles, and when passed on from one village to another (there are always plenty of people able to use the gong) can be sent all over the countryside in an incredibly short time. . . . where villages are fairly close together it could be easily made use of as a substitute to the telegraph lines, which, of course, have not yet made their appearance so far in the interior.

With regard to the tribes by way of comparison Mr. Simpson says:

Next to the pretty decorated houses of the Bushongo of Misuba, the bark huts of the Bankutu are the neatest we saw during our wanderings in the Kasai. But the people themselves are by no means so prepossessing. What a contrast they form to the tall, dignified Bushongo of the plains to the south of the Sankuru. Small and very dirty in appearance, superstitious, timid, and treacherous, they appear to have been influenced by the oppressive atmospheres and almost ghostly gloom of their native forest. As some plants require the rays of the sun and the fresh air to develop them, so it appears to be with the negro. The Bushongo of the plains are a fine race of men with a dignity and certain grace of manner which cannot fail to attract the attention of the European who visits them; they have developed to a greater degree than most, if not all, the natives of equatorial Africa, in such civilized arts as sewing, embroidery, and wood carving. The Bankutu, on the other hand, are undersized and ugly, sullen and disagreeable in their manner, and, with the exception of the building of huts, the only art that has been developed to any extent among them is the art of killing their fellowmen by stealth.

Mr. Hardy's colored plates are a great addition to the work. And the pen pictures of the text are vividly and entertainingly drawn. Not since those early explorers, when the region was "darkest Africa," has there been a more profitable view of the "land of big game." ("Land and Peoples of the Kasai." By M. W. Hilton-Simpson. A. C. McClurg & Co.)

"As He Was Born"

Mr. Tom Gallon writes a pleasant tale, and though his machinery is of a well worn type, and his plot, if one may so call it, a very shadowy affair we can overlook that for the sake of the cleverly drawn and amusing characters that answer to the pulling of their creator's strings. The hero is the usual spendthrift and is the victim of the proverbially rich uncle. Nothing new in all that, though we are offered an unusually plausible motive for the freakish clause in question. Likewise, the hero having nearly complied with the arduous terms of said

will throw it all over for the sake of his lady love who (equally, of course) turns out to be the residuary legatee. "As He Was Born" is surely the steenth masterpiece of fiction in which just that thing has occurred. But as has been said, one readily overlooks this trifling want of originality. Felix is a humorous rascal and his adventures are amusing if not thrilling. Moreover, all the characters, from the wealthy uncle who dies early in the book, to the reader's regret, down to the beady-eyed boy, have a mild Dickensian flavor that is quite pleasant and refreshing. Mr. Gallon's story is entirely to be recommended for an idle afternoon's entertainment. ("As He Was Born." By Tom Gallon. Geo. H. Doran Co.)

"Jack —: One of Us"

Good stories in verse are rare; stories in good verse still rarer. "Jack —: One of Us" is announced as "the story Don Juan interpreted into modern terms." It is hardly that. Whatever the author may have intended, what he has achieved is a delicious satirical story, relating in eighteen cantos the amatory experiences of a modern youth of wealth and social position. The form of Byron's poem has been adopted with great success by the author, Gilbert Frankau. There the parallel ceases. Voluptuousness for its own sake was the entire motive of "Don Juan." Frankau is first of all satirical. He pretends that he is interested mainly in his Jack, but he is at his best when he is dealing with cities and national types. In his rhymes he has all the resources of W. S. Gilbert, and he is as intimate with topics and persons of the day in Cuba as he is in London. Here, for instance, is his stanza on the social position of the daughters of the Butter King in New York:

Whate'er the smartest did, that also they did;
Their steam yacht queened it on the Hudson's stream,
Their Flats down Fifth Avenue paraded,
Their diamonds set the Opera House agleam.
Such was the wealth that they had ensaladed,
Those heights where Potted Armour reigns supreme,
To mingle unabashed with Corey, Kessler,
Jack Johnson, Astorbilt and Marie Dressler.

And again, when he has occasion to speak of the results of the Great Reform Wave:

So that men worshiped not the Great God Graft—
The old, old god their fathers' fathers knew;
So that none cooked accounts, none forged the draft,
None robbed the toiler of his mooling's due,
Nor loosed the gilded murderer as daft,
Nor lynched on black for ten their grandsires slew;
So that men found not in the pork of Libby a
Minutest trace of Lithuanian tibia.

Hardly a stanza but has a razor edge in the concluding couplet, and for the keen perception of the spirit of Frankfurt, Paris, London, New York and various other cities which the Lothario visited, there is a debt of gratitude owing to Frankau. There is not much devilry in Jack. He is simply "one of us." He gambles occasionally, injudiciously "mingles the barley and the grape" at times, and has his night in Paris, after the manner of youths who are turned loose upon the world at an early age, but he "holes up" in the end in quite a normal manner. It is the fabric of international satire that makes this book one of the notable publications of the season, and while many will find the foreign allusions occasionally baffling, it is well to remember that if Frankau had not been so perfectly intimate with his whole subject, his book would lose half its charm and all its value, and also that the American allusions are equally bewildering to transatlantic readers. ("Jack —: One of Us." By Gilbert Frankau. George H. Doran Co.)

"The Red Button"

This is a near detective story. The interest, however, is not centered in the

unravelling of the plot which is comparatively uncomplicated, but in the author's clever character drawing. The heroine, if we may so call her—not the ingenue but the heavy lead—we seem to have encountered before in fiction by the same author. And, certainly, in Madame le Grange, clairvoyant, etc., Mr. Irwin has created out of a fund of knowledge a type that he is well entitled to preserve. Inspector Martin McGee, also, is a type upon which the author has labored with loving care; not an attractive one like Sherlock Holmes, but ever so much more human. For we have all met Martin McGees, and often enough in brass buttons. It is not the purpose of a reviewer to reveal the plot of a story of this kind. Suffice that the murder occurs in the first chapter and the remainder of the story is occupied very incidentally in discovering the murderer, occupied, that is to say, by McGee, et al.—the reader guesses it sooner than they do—and primarily, in converting Rosalie Le Grange into Mrs. Martin McGee. Everything that Will Irwin writes is interesting. "The Red Button" without being or pretending to be a work of genius will yet assist us in passing a pleasant if not rigorously

elaborateness of their entertaining. Enters Mrs. Burgoyne, reputed to be enormously rich. Her mode of living in every way is marked by extreme simplicity and while at first this is looked upon as a fad, it is not long before her onostentation in all things is emulated. Of course, there is a romance with many complications, but the obstacles are gradually removed. ("The Rich Mrs. Burgoyne." By Kathleen Norris. The Macmillan Co.)

"A Jewel of the Seas"

Character delineations are a feature of Jessie Kaufman's new novel, "A Jewel of the Seas." The story as a whole is one of compelling interest, principally because of its adherence to realism. Hawaii and the social life of that picturesque island of the Pacific are delightfully and graphically portrayed and just enough mystery is injected into the plot to hold the attention of the reader throughout. Although the development of the story introduces many figures there is no confusion since the drawing of both men and women is so real that each stands out individually. The novel deals with the anchoring of a handsome yacht at Honolulu and the sub-



ILLUSTRATION FROM "A CRY IN THE WILDERNESS"

[Little, Brown & Co.]

profitable afternoon. ("The Red Button." By Will Irwin. Bobbs-Merrill Co.)

"The Rich Mrs. Burgoyne"

In "The Rich Mrs. Burgoyne," a new novel by Kathleen Norris, author of "Mother," fiction lovers are afforded a story of sweet simplicity. Almost from the initial chapter the ending is obvious, but even this does not detract from the interest. It is a clean, wholesome tale and the book is one which should offer particular appeal to girls and those approaching womanhood. The problem element is conspicuous by its absence. There is a love element, however, which reaches a happy conclusion. The real purpose of the story seems to be the teaching of simplicity in living. The plot is laid in a small California town designated as Santa Paula, but the atmosphere of the story is more of that of a small eastern or middle west village. The little town is in the throes of a social campaign and in the strife for recognition and distinction, the women struggle unceasingly to surpass one another in the

sequent entrance of Commodore and Mrs. Chandler in the American colony of the island. The Chandlers become active factors socially and otherwise and the mystery enveloping them is slowly but entertainingly brought to its logical unfolding. The love element is well sustained in at least two instances, with a more prominent romance for the major note of the story. ("A Jewel of the Seas." By Jessie Kaufman. J. B. Lippincott Co.)

Where Once Montezuma Ruled

Practically ever since Cortez and his conquistadores landed in New Spain, in 1519, a conflict has been in progress, in Mexico, that like the tide ebbs and flows. Perhaps, this is largely so at the present time because "Even today there are Indians coming in to sell their wares at the Oaxaca market (and probably elsewhere), who have never acknowledged the authority of a foreign ruler." In the last year or so, especially, has Mexico directed attention to herself by her quarrelsome disposition. Hence E. H. Blichfeldt's "Mexican Journey" is most timely. In

Three Books by the Editor

PAUL TRAVERS' ADVENTURES

ON SPECIAL ASSIGNMENT

GLIMPSES ACROSS THE SEA

By Samuel Travers Clover

The first tells how an ambitious youth made his way around the world in order better to prepare himself for newspaper work. The second shows how Paul succeeded as a reporter, and the big assignments he covered. He was the last white man to see Sitting Bull, and the only reporter, from start to finish, in the last vigilance party this country is likely to see. Published by Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co. The third book is a collection of pen sketches, giving a whimsical point of view of generally unnoted data in the more pretentious books of travel. For sale by

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preparation for the trip a brief survey of the early history of the native Mexicans makes a traveler a more intelligent observer, able to follow the later commentaries upon various places of interest visited. The part played by the Toltecs, by the Chichimecs, by the Acolhuas, and by the Aztecs has ever been fascinating, a wonder story full of marvelous possibilities. And so while the present centers of life and industry are seen in the City of Mexico, Vera Cruz, Progreso, where "nothing but the word of the officers tells you that you are riding opposite the port of Merida, which is the capital of Yucatan and has more per capita wealth than any other city in Mexico," and other modern manifestations of Mexican character and spirit, it is particularly in the ruins of Mitla, Uxmal and elsewhere that the thoughtful traveler finds the greatest charm. Mutely from them speaks another independent age and civilization of long ago. Although Mexico is the "land of manana" it is also the land of yesterday. Of things commercial perhaps the least familiar to the ordinary person, and therefore the most engaging, is the account of the raising of henequen, a kind of century plant from which is manufactured binding twine for reapers, coarse inferior rope and cheap brushes. It is interesting to note Mr. Blichfeldt's comment, so in opposition to the usual report, on the cleanliness of the Mexican. Speaking of the poor natives (Indians, however)—"such garments as they wear are astonishingly clean. . . it is hard to conceive how people can trudge up and down the dusty fields at their toil, and keep their white clothing so spotless as these people do." Perhaps it is because other commentators have not noted that "very soon one learns in Mexico

that things to see are not 'the sights,'—witness at Salina Cruz, where a "courteous American consul and a refined American woman from Kentucky or Texas or elsewhere, figure in the traveler's notebook as next in importance to the harbor works." Accordingly, the reader is frequently taken out of the beaten tracks in city and country, now to this hamlet, now to that heap of ruins or point of observation. On the social and political life of the cities Mr. Blichfeldt does not differ so much from others—there is the same band concert in the evenings, the same procession of pretty señoritas and ogling seniors, the same market place scenes. There are a number of vividly penned descriptive paragraphs wherein the tropical beauty of the country is praised. But it is a little startling to end a poetical picture of the close of day near Chivela, at the Isthmus of Tehauntepec, with so sordid a period as, "it is a surprise to find that one is to have a comfortable night, a thick blanket proving not unwelcome." At Tehauntepec the jungle mercilessly claims sections with a "riot of soft but malignant forms" that is viewed with a feeling "not unmixed with something like horror." To get a glimpse of Mexico from a rather different angle from any yet presented take this "Mexican Journey" with Mr. Blichfeldt. He makes a capital guide. ("A Mexican Journey." By E. H. Blichfeldt. Thomas Y. Crowell Co.)

"Corporal Cameron"

With deepest pain it becomes necessary to note the fall from grace of that old reliable among the religious novelists, Ralph Connor. For a full decade the reading public has watched each fall for his never failing volume with the same intense anticipation that it looks for the announcement of the Sunday school lessons for the next year. With each arrival came a period of great spiritual uplift, for it brought the spiritual pabulum of a volume of John Wesley's sermons, with the romantic delight of Laura Jean Libby. Each has always been, in the past, like a story by Robert W. Chambers, expurgated and supplemented by Evangeline Booth. So Ralph Connor has come to be regarded as one of the strong bulwarks of the morals of the English speaking people to keep it from drifting to goodness knows what desperate straits. Hence it is with much woe that one finds in "Corporal Cameron" not one militant minister, and not one character who carries around a Bible in his left hand and a Wolgast punch in his right. Of course, the corporal thrashes a varied assortment of persons, from an overbearing clerk in Montreal to a desperado in the Rockies, but he never pretends to do it upon religious grounds. Lacking this incentive, the natural question is, What is it all about? Frankly, you will have to ask Mr. Connor himself. In 131 pages the hero is extricated from a forgery scrape, in which his innocence is beclouded by his ability to drink an entire bottle of Scotch whiskey and walk straight, although his mind is a blank. The next 170 pages have to do with his experiences on an eastern Canadian farm, with full details of hoeing turnips, splitting wood, and similar exciting sports. The remaining 150 pages are supposed to be the real fighting part of the story, but the hero is not allowed to have a gun in his hand until within 75 pages from the end, so that the little "Corporal Cameron of the Northwest Mounted Police" is a misnomer. Rev. Ralph also has apparently become annoyed by the taunts that his loves stories are banal, for he marries the hero to a beefy daughter of a farmer who was a rank outsider in the betting. Think not that the book is unworthy of consideration, however. On page 375 there is a laugh that is worth much gold. A man is brought before the commissioner of police in the western post. The commissioner asks what the charge is.

"Whiskey trading, theft and murder."

"The commissioner's face grew grave." Grave? With that list it should have grown catacombic. ("Corporal Cameron." By Ralph Connor—Rev. G. W. Gordon. George H. Doran Co.)

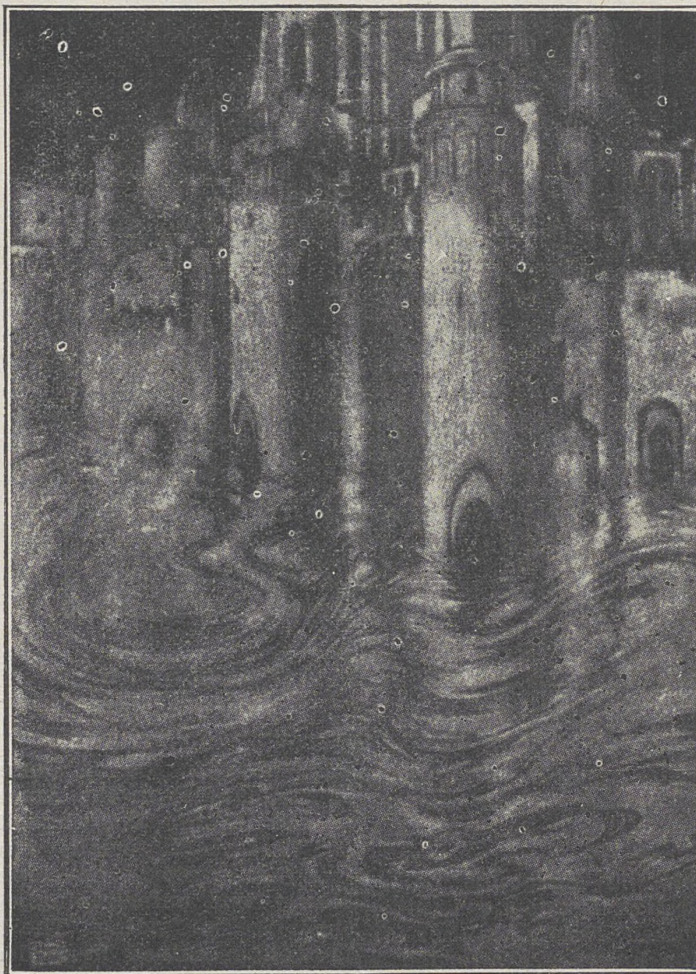
"Gordon Craig"

It stands to reason that "Gordon Craig," Randall Parrish's contribution of grist to the holiday mill, must be an excellent book. At the conclusion of the second chapter the reader has fully in mind just the course which he imagines the author will pursue, this being subconsciously, the course which the reader would pursue were the reader the author of the book. And, wonder of wonders, it does turn out just exactly as the reader imagined at the close of the second chapter! The story might as well have consisted of just three chapters, the first two and the last, but the holiday book-buyers would have felt cheated, so the conscientious author employs the intervening thirty-four chapters to conduct the hero through a maze of extraordinary adventures, hair-breadth escapes on land and sea, plots and counterplots. In and through all of these his sole comfort and guiding star is the heroine, who displays much fortitude and pluck, until at about the end of their hazardous exploits when, just as she is about to step into an open boat to be lowered into the sea in the dead of night, she rebels because the oilskin which Craig induces her to don, is unbecoming and soiled. And this in the face of the fact that since the opening of the story she has changed her clothes just once! Randall Parrish has done better than this. It is to be hoped that he will do vastly better next time. ("Gordon

with horses and men, and, occasionally, the men get the better of them, but the horses, never. The story is rather juvenile in flavor, and is told in the first person by Scholar. Pancho is somewhat of a pagan in his philosophy, and he and Scholar have many arguments over religion which are characterized by a simplicity and directness which make them good models for learned theologians. But Pancho is usually sound in his views of life after all, as in such bits of advice as this: "You ought to be able to enjoy a joke on yourself like poor old Buckaroo used to, because that way you get double the laughs in a lifetime." Or this: "Say, Old Son, you've got to quit being so particular who you take a pointer off of. Take a pointer off of anyone. If the pointer is all right, freeze right to it. It's no matter what the color of the fellow's hair or if he's got a stand-up collar on or if he hasn't had a bath in a year. Everyone you meet has been somewhere you haven't and knows something you don't." Pretty good basis to start with, if you have to knock your way through life in the lower levels of commerce especially, where wits and brawn are needed in about equal parts. It is a distinctive piece of work, and will be well liked by those who want a flavor of the corral as it really is, and not as it is pictured by the writer who sees it only from such remote points as New York and Chicago. ("Pancho McClish." By Herbert Coolidge. A. C. McClurg & Co.)

"The Destroying Angel"

In his latest effort Louis Joseph Vance is to be complimented for the rapidity of the action in the novel, even though the theme is not particu-



FROM "THE BELLS AND OTHER POEMS"

[George H. Doran & Co.]

Craig: Soldier of Fortune." By Randall Parrish. A. C. McClurg & Co.)

"Pancho McClish"

Pancho McClish is about sixteen years old, wise in the ways of men and horses. His companion, Scholar, is about the same age, not so wise, and inclined to be priggish. His father is a Scotchman who knows more about horses than they know about themselves. These three persons start at New Orleans, and gradually work their way across the country to San Diego, and then up the coast into the Shasta country. They have many adventures,

larly new. Ofttimes before have men married and run away only to come back and love the same woman another day. Hugh Whitaker, by three physicians given but six months to live, jilted by the girl with whom he is in love at the opening of the story, decides to quit life, and hies himself to a cheap hotel in a remote village. Here by accident he enters a room just as a young girl is about to take a glass of oxalic acid, this seeming to her the only way in which she can extricate herself from the consequences of an injudicious act. Whitaker, with almost equal rashness, offers her the protec-

WHEN THE FORESTS ARE ABLAZE

By Katherine B. Judson



PERIL and privation

are conquered by Jane Myers,

a charming woman, on her homestead claim in a wild Washington forest.

She could not fight the awful fire demon, however, and a horrible death would have been hers, had not the man-who-was-waiting rescued her.

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tion of his name, and what fortune he will leave upon his death. The girl accepts, they are married, and the husband of a few minutes leaves to take a long sail to the South Seas. There, through the ministrations of one of those Scotch surgeons one meets so often in novels, who at the zenith of their career desert Aesculapius for Bacchus, Whitaker is restored to health, and after a time returns to New York, where he has been considered a dead man for six years. From then on the story moves rapidly through a series of exciting adventures on land and sea, involving his meeting with Sara Law, a noted actress, whom he recognizes as his wife, his love affair with a mysterious beauty, his neighbor at Half-a-Loaf Lodge, an exciting chase in a motorboat of two desperate ruffians who bear off his inamorata under his nose, ending with a wreck and the casting of the two lovers upon the rocky shores of a desolate island. It being impossible to carry the hero alive through any more strenuousness, the author winds up the story quickly in a manner highly satisfactory to romantic souls. ("The Destroying Angel." By Louis Joseph Vance. Little, Brown & Co.)

"The Woman"

They who have seen "The Woman" which by the way was only recently played in Los Angeles, will scarcely desire to read the novel founded thereon while, on the other hand, to read the novel is to deprive oneself of the possibility of enjoying a really thrilling drama. This is to say that play and novel alike are of the superficial, but highly sensational and, therefore, highly satisfactory order and that the novel's departure from the dramatic form is reduced to a working minimum. Needless to say "The Woman" is far superior as a dramatic sensation. This is natural since, in the theater and in the grip of the intense emotionalism that the drama permits, we ignore certain unrealities that in cold print are not so readily overlooked. In the book it seems to us that the characters stroll into each other's apartments a trifle too freely as well as a little too opportunely. We do not notice this on the stage. This is a minor criticism. Indeed "The Woman" does not call for criticism. It is intended to keep us thrilled for an hour or so and in that it succeeds most admirably whether in dramatic or narrative form. And if the only lasting emotion it excites is a

profound contempt for the forces that control the machinery of national government that emotion is at least one that enjoys a considerable measure of popularity at the present time. Jim Blakes may not really exist in the flesh, but in this year of grace they are far too dear to fiction drama and the political moralist to be dispensed with merely for the sake of a veracious adherence to fact. So after all a moral may be deduced from "The Woman," namely, that an ounce of emotion is worth a pound of truth at any old time. ("The Woman." By Albert Lane Terhune. Founded on the play of that name by William C. de Mille. Bobbs-Merrill Co.)

"In Desert and Wilderness"

That the author of "With Fire and Sword" and "The Deluge" should have thought it worth while to write "In Desert and Wilderness" is merely a melancholy reflection upon the tragedy of old age. Not old age, perhaps, for Sienkiewicz is not an old man, but of too prosperous middle age, the easy upper slopes of the downhill side of life. For this book bears about the same relation to "Quo Vadis," for example, as "Rewards and Fairies" does to "Plain Tales From the Hills." There is only one popular work of fiction to which "In Desert and Wilderness" can possibly be compared and that is the "Swiss Family Robinson" of blessed memory. As a book for Polish children the volume before us, no doubt, proves extraordinarily thrilling, but the ordinary Anglo-Saxon youth will undoubtedly dub it both tedious and inaccurate. Young heroes performing prodigies of valor and discretion are, if we only knew it, far more irritating to the young with their exacting standards than to the mature, who will stand for a good deal of imagination if it be of the right kind. The hero of this romance is a Polish boy of 13 who with a little girl of 8 is captured by Mahdists. The two, after impossible adventures, escapes, interventions of providence, not to mention continuous exhibitions of superhuman courage and intelligence, emerge from the primeval jungles of darkest Africa on to the bosoms of their astounded parents. The somewhat "naïve" recommendation that appears on the paper cover of the volume states that the "chapters devoted to the wilderness . . . teem with remarkable passages devoted to the wild and predaceous animals that abound." "And to others," the publishers might have added, "that do not abound outside of the author's fertile imagination." On the whole one can scarcely recommend "In Desert and Wilderness" to the attention of fully developed intelligences. In the school-room it may find a measure of popularity and notwithstanding small zoological inaccuracies is certainly instructive as the publishers contend, and it at least has the merit foreign to the most of juvenile fiction of being written by one who is a past master in the art of vivid descriptive writing. ("In Desert and Wilderness." By Henry K. Sienkiewicz. Translated by Max A. Dregmae. Little, Brown & Co.)

"Old Four-Toes"

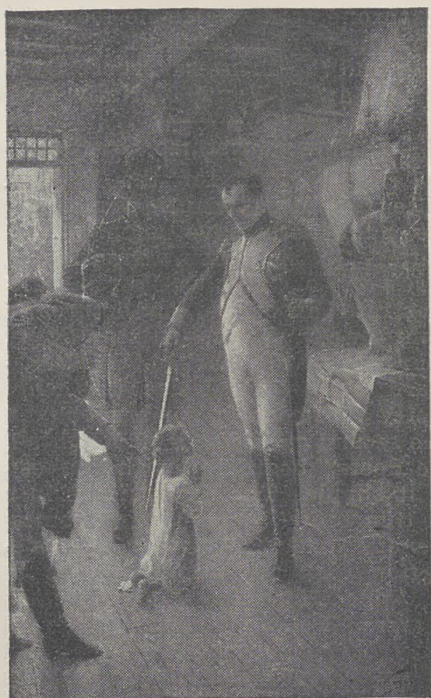
To write a book for boys requires more knowledge of boy nature than the average author possesses. It seems a strange failing of human kind that with years and experience the golden luster of youth becomes so tarnished that a clear vision of boyhood days with their care free existence and happy associations becomes a thing apart. To look back down the vista of long hard years and meet yourself on "the barefoot trail to the land o' heart's desire" seems to require more mental readjustment than the average person cares to exercise. By careful reading of Edwin L. Sabin's latest work "Old Four-Toes" it would seem that the writer had never grown up. At a glance this may sound unflattering to a successful novelist, but it is the highest compliment that can be paid to an author

who addresses his efforts to boys. Mr. Sabin knows boys and that is saying a great deal in his favor. He writes to please boys and his stories are good for boys to read. "Old Four-Toes" (Old Four-Toes was a bear) is a continuation of the story of "The Bar B Ranchers" whose many interesting adventures have proved attractive to thousands of young readers. This latest volume is among Sabin's best. It is a story of two real boys who go on a summer's hunting trip with an old trapper into a remote section of the Rocky Mountains. From beginning to end the tale is of interest as a narrative of expe-



From "The Jingo"
[By George Randolph Chester]

riences. Mr. Sabin writes in a simple direct manner revealing an intimate knowledge of natural history, and his appreciation for the beauties of wild, out-of-door existence is remarkably well expressed. The book offers a wealth of instructive detail that is of high educational value. The author has a unique habit of allowing his young readers to anticipate a situation and then delighting them by permitting the expected to happen. Another predominating mannerism is his use of an unknown word or term relative to Indian life for the moment puzzling but which



From "The Marshal"
[Bobbs-Merrill Co.]

is soon referred to again and fully explained. "Old Four Toes" is written in loose, almost rambling fashion but the big fresh forest and the smoky coolness of deep canyons and high peaks permeated the whole work and inspires a clean healthy desire on the part of the youthful reader for companionship with his kind and the free-

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dom of camp life. ("Old Four-Toes or Hunters of the Peaks" By Edwin L. Sabin, Thomas Y. Crowell Co.)

Delightful Christmas Story

"Brotherly-House" is the original title given to a delightful Christmas story by Grace S. Richmond. It would scarcely be just to class this miniature volume as a novel yet at the same time it is far too important to be called a holiday booklet. We may always depend upon this author to give us a few real heart throbs in her stories, but the brand with which she deals is deep seated and sincere. "Brotherly-House" tells a simple little story of how a large family of brothers and sisters who were rapidly drifting apart were all united in love and peace through the craftiness of an invalid senior brother and his far-sighted old housekeeper. The tale is unpretentious and unassuming yet it holds the reader in rapt attention to the end. It is told in a clear, direct manner and its pathos is genuine and beautiful. ("Brotherly-House" By Grace S. Richmond, Doubleday, Page & Co.)

"The Pilgrims:" An Epic Poem

To conceive an epic poem requires great genius. To construct a successful epic poem demands a master mind. To class "The Pilgrims" by Isaac C. Ketter with Browning's "The Ring and the Book," or with Tennyson's "The Idylls of a King," would entail on the author more responsibility than he might care to shoulder, yet it can be stated with truth and sincerity that the poem under discussion moves with something of the majestic bearing of the former and possesses much of the latter's ease of handling. Mr. Ketter attempted a difficult thing when he chose as the theme for his work the birth of the Protestant church and its development and trend through the centuries. The book covers fourteen years of the history of the pilgrim fathers and aims to interpret their characters and reveal the motives which inspired them to withdraw from the church of England. It does much more than this. It delves into the ancient history of the church itself and traces plainly the influences it extended and the part it has played in shaping our mental and moral growth. By dividing the work into six parts one may better understand the poet's intention. "The Flight" tells of the rise of the Pilgrims largely at or near Schooley, England, and their departure for Holland. "The Pilgrims' Egypt" is Holland, and especially Leyden, in the time of Prince Maurice and John Barnweldt, with the warring religious factions. Armenianism versus Calvinism. "The Pilgrims' Olympus" depicts Geneva, and John Calvin's influence, the doctrine of predestination and its effects on the Pilgrims. "The Departure" recounts embarkation at Delfshaven. "A Tale of the Sea" treats of the Mayflower's voyage and the incident of the Jackscrew. "The Landing" gives the signing of the compact and the choice of Plymouth. The book may be said to value truth more than art, yet at the same time it has many artistic attributes. ("The Pilgrims: An Epic Interpretation." By Isaac C. Ketter. Fleming H. Revell Co.)

Pilgrim Boys and Girls

What the children of the Pilgrims saw and probably did in the days of Scrooby, Amsterdam and Leiden, on the long wearisome trip across the stormy Atlantic in the "Mayflower," and of the early life and adventures encountered in the colonies, are quaintly and vividly related to the little men and women by Margaret Pumphrey in "Stories of the Pilgrims." Interest centers particularly about the children of Elder William Brewster, Patience, Fear, Jonathan and Love; but there are others, equally as charming and real. The events follow in historically correct sequence: the secret meetings at Scrooby, the imprisonment of the Pilgrims, the attempted flight to Holland and the dramatic appearance of the

soldiery on both occasions, the sailing of the "Mayflower" and the cause of the failure of the "Speedwell" to sail. But the jolliest part of the story tells of the funny Dutch houses, of the canals and dikes, of the weekly scrubbing day in this real "spotless town," of Karl, the milk peddler, and the lucky storks, of Jan and Katrina, of the merry skating parties and the great mills at Leiden. There is a gentle, quiet dignity, yet a delightfully child-like simplicity and sweetness in the



"Kitty Cobb"

[By James Montgomery Flagg]

narrative that is quite refreshing. ("Stories of the Pilgrims." By Margaret Pumphrey. Rand, McNally & Co.)

For the Wee Juvenile

In "Jolly Mother Goose" nearly all the traditional old musical jingles which have been the joy of childhood for several generations, have been gathered in one volume. The feature, however, is the manner in which they are illustrated by Blanche Fisher Wright, so that one almost gains a speaking acquaintance with Little Boy Blue, Simple Simon, Old King Cole, the girl who had a curl in the middle of her forehead and concomitant consistency of character, and all the other members of the merry



Richard Dehan (Clotilda Graves)
[Author of "Between Two Thieves"]

family. The manner in which the Three Wise Men of Gotham started out on their ill-starred journey in a bowl is graphically depicted, and the hopelessness of their undertaking is seen at a glance. The symbolism of the baby's toes and their representation of the porcine family with its various adventures is also there. In fact, one looks in vain for the omission of a favorite of days long ago, and here indeed is a book full of joy for the child who has learned to spell out the easy words with the aid of suggestive illustrations.

No one with a young heart or sympathy with childhood could fail to appreciate and enjoy so adequate a presentation of dear old Mother Goose. ("Jolly Mother Goose." Illustrated by Blanche Fisher Wright. Rand, McNally & Co.)

For Little Men and Misses

Little Dremia, thankful for a happy Christmas, has an impulse to make fair return to Santa Claus who has always been so generous to her. She calls for the Fairy Grandmother, who comes in her pumpkin coach drawn by champion steeds. With the aid of Puck, Ariel and the Winged Horse Imagination, they are able to deliver invitations all over the world, Toyland, Dreamland, Make-Believe Land and Fairyland. Boy Blue blows his blast of greeting and all the old friends assemble. It is a nice idea to introduce to children; favors bestowed instead of favors received. The story is written in easy words and large print, with illustrations in color thus making an interesting book for the child itself to read. ("A Christmas Party for Santa Claus." By Ida M. Huntington. Rand, McNally & Co.)

It is a new idea that has been solved in Little Peter Pansy—where a conservatory full of flowers becomes discontented at the confinement they suffer, and sigh for a broader world. They climb out of their pots and make a journey with the aid of Mr. Mitten Mouse. This also is printed large for children to read. ("Little Peter Pansy." By Carro Frances Warren. David McKay.)

More fairy stories—there can never be too many—are "The Mermaid's Gift" and other stories. Stories of mermaids and their trolls, and fairy kings with princes and princesses, all charmingly printed and illustrated. The pictures in color represent dragons and castles, and all sorts of lovely things. ("The Mermaid's Gift." By Julia Brown. Pictures by Maginel Wright-Enright. Rand, McNally Co.)

Still another fairy tale, but this time the true fairy tale of nature, not a whit less strange and exciting than the others:

A little king
Went wandering
Far out in his realm one day;
His crown, the whirls
Of yellow curls
That bright on his shoulders lay.

Earth was his kingdom, and a tree his throne from which he looked down upon the wonders of it all. ("The Little King and the Princess True." By Mary Earle Hardy. Rand, McNally Co.)

Dutton Christmas Greetings

Greeting cards for the holidays in quite the most beautiful output that the publishers have supplied. E. P. Dutton Co. send two attractive calendars—one a Catholic Church Calendar illustrated in color with pictures of the saints and all the saints' days and church festivals marked. On firm white board of convenient size, this will be a pretty reminder of serious obligations. The second calendar is "Thoughts From the Poets," beginning with Shakespeare as it should. The illustrations in sepia on thin brown paper are of homes and scenery made interesting by its association with the English poets. There is Anne Hathaway's Cottage, Rydal Water, Craigie House, Stoke Pogis Church, and many others. To start the day with a poetic thought, that carries a jewel in a setting of verse would keep the eyes lifted above the ruts perhaps. The Christmas cards proper are many and varied. The richest, perhaps, are scenes of the Adoration of the Magi, the shepherds with the flocks and the angel proclaiming Peace on Earth. They are done in the richest colors and the inside fold holds an old English text elaborately illuminated. They are veritable little art gems. Another style is an oblong folder of rich cream paper decorated in gold with illuminated initial letters. The verse is well chosen and the whole effect is

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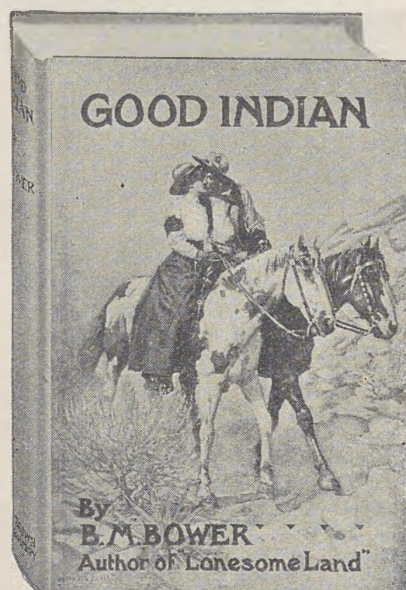
Dear Sir:
Without committing myself, please send me full particulars of your "Five in One" Complete Combination Policy. I was born on the.....day of 18... My occupation is I am.....married. My address is No.....St., Signed!!..... (CUT OUT AND FORWARD)

chaste and elegant. Another cunning style opens into a standing screen with winter landscape scenes in color in the middle and children in gay winter costumes on the side panels, appropriate verse on the front. A quaint, cheery little reminder to send through the mail to faraway friends. Still another style is a knickerbocker series, with illustrations of feasting and good cheer. Also a Colonial series with John Aldens and Priscillas a-plenty. A folded sheet of rich brown paper in an envelope to match is an attractive variation. The illuminated text is scriptural in tone

"Cowboy Lyrics"

Ages ago there drifted into a Chicago newspaper office a tall, rawboned youth from the Black Hills who said his name was Bob Carr and that he wrote "western stuff." The manager editor, a western man, took to the stranger and gave him a chance. He made good. He wrote virile prose and insisted on throwing in a poem every little while as a sort of make-weight, and has been doing it ever since. It is a habit hard to shake off. His latest efforts in this line are contained in a volume of "Cowboy Lyrics" that fairly reek of the range and the Hills country, so that the reviewer suffered from nostalgia in their reading, for he chanced to be that same managing editor from Chicago, both the poet and the editor man having gravitated to the coast—the land of easier weather. Bob Carr knows and loves the old west from sage to pine and he has sung of it in the breezy, homely style dear to the man of broad hat, chaps and spurs. What Riley is in Hoosier dialect and with his fine, tender feeling Carr is to the prairies and the range country. He has done wisely in not attempting to give his lyrics polish—that sort of veneer doesn't belong in round-up verses, so he has let them "mosey" along as they will and therein lies their main charm. Unspoiled and unadorned they have the tang of the

western wind and never are found masquerading under false pretenses. The collection has five divisions: "Ranch and Range" with many subdivisions, including the "Love Lyrics of a Cowboy" and "Ranch Girl Love Lyrics;" "The Homesteader;" "The Indian;" "Somber-Land" and "Trail's End." Mr. Carr has facility and feeling, especially the latter, and in numerous instances his muse rises to heights that few cowboys can attain. But he never loses the trail, never forgets that it is the cattle country in which his Pegasus lopes and his winged steed never takes the bit between its teeth, although it shows signs of the spur at times. If



we started to quote there would be no place to stop save at the "trail's end." If you love the west get a copy of Bob Carr's poems. ("Cowboy Lyrics," By Robert V. Carr. Small, Maynard & Co.)

Notes From Bookland
Promise of good things to come is

assured by the announcement that a new publishing house has been established in Chicago by F. G. Browne, for many years head of the publishing interests of A. C. McClurg & Co., and a member of the directory of that corporation. Mr. Browne will have associated with him Mr. Frank L. Howell who has for years been traveling book-salesman for McClurg's and lately covering the Eastern territory. The firm name will be F. G. Browne & Company, with offices at 1575 Transportation Building, Chicago, and it is the plan to issue a general line of books, specializing on popular fiction. The first book bearing the imprint of the new firm will be published in January and will be called "The Lapse of Enoch Wentworth," by Isabel Gordon Curtis author of "The Woman From Wolverton." Mr. Browne's literary equipment and business experience, together with his knowledge of book manufacture, make him peculiarly fitted for his new venture, and he will have an able assistant in Mr. Howell, who enjoys the acquaintance and friendship of the book trade in every part of the country.

Magazines of the Month

Thomas Nelson Page tells the old, old Christmas story of "the little town of Bethlehem" in "The Stable of the Inn," which opens Scribner's Christmas number. Short stories are "The Winged Hussar," by Albert Kincross, "The Mid-Victorian," by Alice Brown, "A Young Man's Fancy," by Gordon Arthur Smith, "Why They Married," by Mrs. Belloc Lowndes, and "An Angel Unawares," by Gerald Chittenden. Christian Brinton writes of "Scandinavian Painters of Today," Price Collier of the "German Political Parties and the Press," John Fox continues his serial, "The Heart of the Hills," and there are other features of interest.

Mr. Clifford Lott

B A R I T O N E

has returned from New York and London where he appeared in concert and studied under Mr. GEORGE HENSCHEL and SIR HENRY WOOD.

Mr. Lott has reopened his studio at 912 WEST 20TH ST. (Near Oak).

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West\$3.00
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My Robin, by Mrs. Burnett\$.60
Going of the White Swan, by Parker..\$.75
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Hughes\$.50
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- Nancy Lee, by Margaret Warde\$1.20
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No matter what you may want in a Bible, you will find it here—in text, reference or teachers' editions. The "Oxford," "Cambridge," American Standard Revised and the Nelson lines.

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Almost an endless variety of Episcopal Prayer Books and Hymnals to sell from \$1 up to \$10—also Catholic Prayer Books of all kinds. Some as low as 25 cents and up to \$7.50.

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- 'Twas the Night Before Christmas, illus-
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ton Edwards\$2.50
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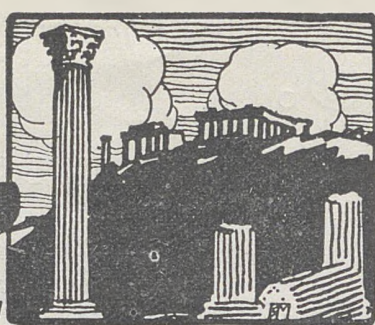
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Art



By Everett C. Maxwell

EXHIBITIONS NEXT WEEK.

Miscellaneous Collection—Steckel Gallery.

There is little argument contradictory to the statement that in the last ten years photography has developed beyond a mere mechanical process. The demands of progress have had a revolutionizing effect upon art in all its branches and have so uprooted old ideas and modes of execution that, owing to the readjustments by our modern advancement, new branches are constantly sprouting out of the old trunk and leaping into such healthy members that almost before the critical antiquarian has a chance to "prune" it and cast it off as something without a legitimate means of artistic expression, he finds it so fledged as to be an injury to the root from which it sprung were it thus severed.

So it is with the modern photography as we see it used by such able workers as Miss Elizabeth Buehrmann whose splendid collection of portrait studies of celebrated people has been on public view twice in the last month at the fine arts shop of Merick Reynolds. Miss Buehrmann is too well known as an exponent of the art in photography to need formal introduction to Los Angeles at this time. Her work has been before the public for a considerable length of time and she has won honors in all the important art centers of the world. Miss Buehrmann is a member of the Photo Session of New York and the Photo Club of Paris and her work is considered with the best in the profession. We are glad to note that this talented young woman has come to Los Angeles to live and is already located in a charming studio at 756 Carondelet street whence she will make her little photo journeys to the homes of noted people in and about the city.

* * *

When, a few years ago, I timidly ventured into the field of critical review the first article from my pen to be published in a standard periodical was one dealing with art photography. Long before I had ever dreamed of connecting myself with art activities in the growing west I had been more or less interested in the development of photography along artistic lines. The old "family group" and the shining "cabinet," tolerated now through their associations with a gathering of our relatives or the adoption of our first pair of long trousers are real curiosities, so far has the profession advanced in the last decade. Few of us have escaped the period of transition and it requires almost superhuman courage to resurrect the old family album with its queer contents. Grotesque will hardly describe these weird creations of early day photography, for in that remote time one entered the studio with the same grim determination to live through the ordeal that we assume when forced to visit a dentist.

Today, all is changed. The album has passed out of sight along with the hair-cloth sofa, the wax wreath, and the framed funeral plates, and we can appreciate the change indeed when we know that all of Miss Buehrmann's subjects are posed in favorite and comfortable corners of their own homes. There is a striking likeness of Daniel Chester French, for example, seated by his carved desk at the right of which stands his first statue. A very bad statue it is, too, but it meant much to this now great sculptor. Bliss Carmen is "snapped" seated on his front ver-

anda and John W. Alexander stands in his studio with palette in hand. So with all of Miss Behrmann's work, she studies her sitters in their natural environment and the result is not only an excellent likeness, but a pictorial rendering in which the real character is strongly portrayed and the whole picture one of lasting value as a work of art.

For the next few weeks the Steckel Gallery will offer a miscellaneous collection of the best works of a number of our well-known California artists. About thirty canvases are hung representing such able workers as David Lester Boranda, Goddard Gale, Lucile Joulin, Xavier Martinez, Eugene Neuhaus, Amedee Joulin, Perham Nahl, Gottardo Piazzoni, and Will Sparks of San Francisco. The southern men who are represented at this time are Jean Mannheim, Detlef Sammann, and Hanson Puthuff. Mr. Mannheim shows a large figure study called "Labor Glorified." This canvas, which is among the artist's best works, has been reviewed in these columns on a previous occasion. Hanson Puthuff is represented by a finely considered foothill landscape called "In Garipatos Canyon." It possesses a real spring-time feeling and is notable for its last rays of sunset. The color manipulation is skillful and the feeling of approaching dusk strongly portrayed. All who enjoy a thoroughly good exhibition should see this collection.

Maynard Dixon has taken a studio at



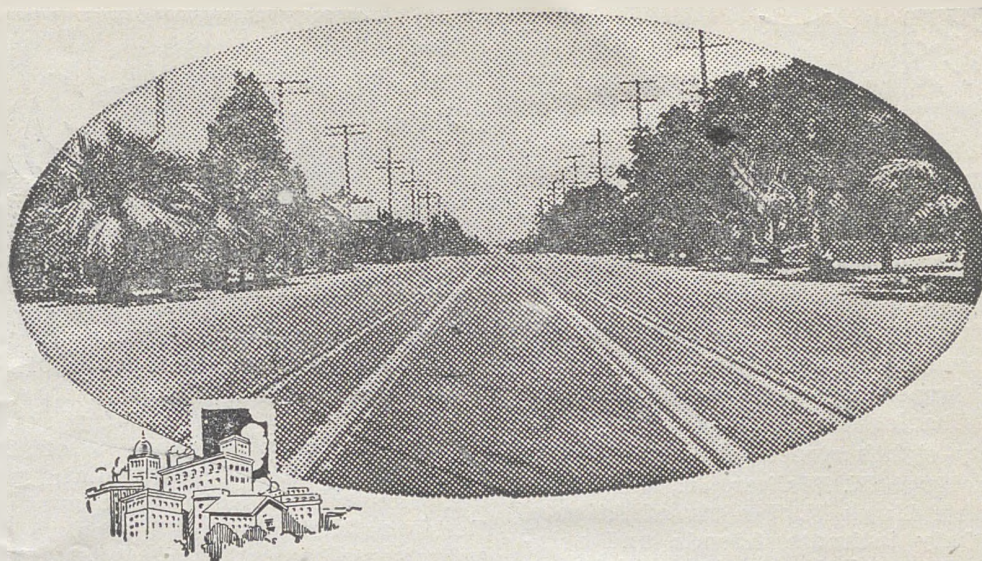
HOME STUDY, BY MISS ELIZABETH BUEHRMANN

431 South Hill street and will stay in Los Angeles all winter. Mr. Dixon is executing an important mural decoration of Indian and desert life for a country home near Santa Anita. The cartoons for this frieze were reviewed in The Graphic at the time they were hung in the office of Arthur Benton.

* * *

Monday there will open at Blanchard Gallery a special holiday exhibition of oils and watercolors by local painters. This promises to be an interesting exhibit.

Jack Gage Stark, the well-known desert painter, passed through Los



THE INVESTMENT SIDE OF WEST ADAMS PARK

By ROBERT MARSH

That the investment feature of West Adams Park has strongly appealed to hundreds of the most conservative investors in Los Angeles is evidenced by sales of nearly \$400,000 worth of lots during the past few months. Bankers, physicians, attorneys, business men, school teachers and many people with comparatively small incomes have purchased lots in West Adams Park, because they realize the tremendous investment value of property of this class, priced so exceptionally low, as compared with the prices of lots in other subdivisions. West Adams Park is actually "selling itself." If you want 150 miles of mountain view; good, clean, pure air, \$40,-

000.00 homes just a few blocks away, investment value probably not equaled elsewhere in Los Angeles, established improvements, choice of two electric lines, and a few other advantages that will appeal to you when you visit the property—see West Adams Park today. Robert Marsh & Co., Trust and Savings Building, Sixth and Spring Streets. Phones Home 10175; Main 5045. See Mr. Badger, manager subdivision department. Or take West Adams car to Twenty-third avenue, and see our tract agent, who is on the ground every day after 1 p. m. Pasadena office, 53 So. Marengo avenue. Santa Monica office, 215 Dudley Bldg.

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Social & Personal

Wednesday evening at twilight at the home of her parents, Miss Fannie Todd Carpenter, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Carpenter of West Twenty-eighth street became the bride of Mr. Hugh K. Walker, Jr., son of Dr. and Mrs. Hugh K. Walker of Atlanta, Ga. Only intimate friends and relatives witnessed the service, which was read by the Rev. William Horace Day. The ceremony took place in the dining room, before an altar of ferns and white carnations, and the path of the bridal party was marked by white satin ribbons held by Messrs. Walter McConnell, Clarence Carpenter, Harry Seward and Brace Carter. The bride wore a gown of white charmeuse draped with embroidered chiffon and shadow lace, made en traine. She wore a long veil of tulle, caught with sprays of orange blossom and carried an arm shower of lilies of the valley. Her matron of honor was her sister, Mrs. Lambert Whitfield Jordan, who wore her own wedding gown of white charmeuse trimmed with delicate lace. Mrs. Jordan carried an arm bouquet of American Beauty roses. The maid of honor was Miss Pauline Friedrich of San Diego, a close friend of the bride, and who will be her sister-in-law after next Wednesday, when she will become the bride of Mr. Clarence Carpenter. Miss Friedrich was garbed in American Beauty toned charmeuse with trimming of lace and brilliants, and her bouquet was a shower of rosebuds and maidenhair ferns. Little Natalie Wilshire, cousin of the bride, carried a golden basket brimming with rose petals, and wore a French frock of white chiffon. Little Miss Wilshire's service had a special sentiment attached as her father, Mr. Nathaniel F. Wilshire, carried the ring at the wedding which united the bride's parents. Mr. Wilshire escorted his niece to the altar, and her father gave her into the keeping of the groom. Mr. William Walker served his brother as best man. The house was fragrant with cut flowers and ferns, a color scheme of pink and white being carried out throughout the rooms, and the bridal table, where supper was served after the ceremony, was bright with Killarney roses and tulle bows and was lighted by pink-shaded candelabra. Hand painted place cards marked covers for the bridal party and for Miss Anne Wilshire, Miss Angelita Phillips, Miss Mildred Burnett, Miss Florence Rowan, and Mr. Marshall Jordan. Mr. and Mrs. Walker are enjoying a wedding trip and will make their home in Redondo after the New Year. Mrs. Walker was the recipient of much attention from her friends preceding the wedding.

Another wedding of especial social interest in Los Angeles was that of Miss May Godfrey Sutton, daughter of Captain and Mrs. A. De G. Sutton of Fourth avenue, to Mr. Thomas Clarke Bundy. The ceremony took place at Christ Episcopal Church, with the Rev. Baker P. Lee presiding. For the occasion the church was lavishly decorated with roses and carnations in a color scheme of pink, white and green. The flowers and ferns were used to bank the altar, and clusters of white carnations and ferns were tied with white satin ribbons to the pew posts. The bridal gown was of white charmeuse with a drape of dewdrop chiffon and net, and trimmings of pearls. A long court train was worn, and the bridal veil was caught with orange blossoms. An arm shower of lilies of the valley was carried. The bridesmaids were Miss Florence Sutton and Miss Audrey St. Clair Creighton, who were gowned

alike in pale pink charmeuse, with trimmings of lace and touches of pale blue. With these costumes were worn white hats with touches of pink, and the bouquets were showers of Cecil Brunner roses and maidenhair ferns. Mr. Simpson Sinsabaugh served Mr. Bundy as best man. After the wedding an informal reception was held at the home of the bride's parents, which was decorated with flowers and ferns in the general color scheme. Mr. and Mrs. Bundy are enjoying a wedding journey, and after January 15 they will make their home in Santa Monica.

Mrs. Allan Balch of Hotel Alexandria will entertain Thursday evening, December 26, with a dancing party in honor of Miss Florence Gates, Miss Louise Hunt, Miss Anita Thomas, and Messrs. John W. Rankin, Roy Silent, William Watson Jovett, Jr., Carey Lovett and Charles Rankin.

As a compliment to her niece, Miss Albertine Pendleton, who makes her debut this afternoon, Mrs. Albert Carlos Jones of West Twenty-eighth street gave a charming debutante party Thursday afternoon at Hotel Alexandria, invitations having been issued to about eighty of the younger set. The guests were seated at two large tables, the centerpieces being enormous baskets of pink Killarney roses and maidenhair ferns, with pink tulle bows, and pink shaded candelabra added to the pretty effect. Places were marked with pink cards monogrammed with gold, and there were corsage bouquets of violets with one pink Killarney rosebud—a pretty compliment to the guest of honor. The reception rooms were bright with poinsettias and other holiday decoration and the hostess was assisted in receiving by Mrs. Cornelius Welles Pendleton, Mrs. Eltinge Thornton Brown, Mrs. Louis Tolhurst, and the Misses Katherine Ramsay, Marjorie Ramsay, Alice Elliott, Daphne Drake, Marion Winston, Aileen McCarthy, Juliette Boileau, Louise Winston and Helen Pendleton Jones. Those who received invitations for the afternoon included Mrs. Harry Innes Borden, Mrs. David McCoy, Mrs. Henry Owen Eversole, Mrs. Harold Wrenn, Mrs. Erwin W. Widney, Mrs. Paul J. Howard, Mrs. Ralph Williams, Mrs. Henry Seward Van Dyke, Mrs. Volney Howard, and the Misses Virginia Garner, Katherine Chichester, Margaret Galbraith, Ethel Shaw, Louise Hunt, Anita Thomas, Sarah Clark, Louise Burke, Edith Rankin, Lucy Clark, Echo Allen, Conchita van der Leek, Elizabeth Wood, Katherine Banning, Louise Wells, Charlotte Winston, Anne Wilshire, Helen Newlin, Emily Newlin, Sue Sinnot, Marguerite Drake, Lillian Van Dyke, Alice Elliott, Eleanor MacGowan, Katherine Johnson, Evangeline Duque, Helen Duque, Frances Beveridge, Mildred Burnett, Laura Almada, Celida Almada, Mary Louise Freese, Kate Freese, Elizabeth Bishop, Jeanne Bulkley, Katherine Barbour, Agnes Britt, Conchita Sepulveda, and Marion Winston. This afternoon Miss Pendleton is to be formally introduced by her mother at the family home, 1310 St. Andrews place. In the receiving line will be Mes. Albert Carlos Jones, James G. Scarborough, Belle Pendleton Haroldson, O. H. Churchill, Walter Lindley, Charles Modini-Wood, Frank P. Flint, Gregory Perkins, Jr., John D. Foster, J. G. McKinney, Frank J. Thomas, Sumner P. Hunt, Shelley Tolhurst, Philo Beveridge, George Beveridge, E. H. Moore, Joseph D. Radford, R. M. Widney, Boyle Workman, Louis Tolhurst, Harry Borden, and the Misses Virginia Walsh, Edith Rankin, Juliette

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Brocaded in the rose shades and old gold---and with a touch of coral panned velvet---It's very Frenchy---and will go with most every shade of gown.

Then there are evening coats in the amber and champagne tones---a lovely gray silk velvet---and a brocaded velvet in old rose, fur trimmed,

---As for the Gowns

They're in the new evening shades---One a changeable chiffon in the blue and amber shades---and beaded in amber and pearl.

Another is of the most delicate of sea shell pinks---a satin foundation---with a drape of chiffon---beaded in pearl.

And prices at very much less than usual

Borleau, Mollie Adelia Brown, Helen Pendleton Jones, Louise Hunt, Anita Thomas, Katherine Flint, Florence Wachter, Elizabeth Wood, Florence Wood, and Marguerite Drake. Mrs. James G. Scarborough is also planning an affair for Miss Pendleton, for the holiday season.

Mrs. Horace B. Wing of 1017 Elden avenue entertained Tuesday evening with a dinner in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Willoughby Rodman, who recently returned from a tour of the world. The rooms were decorated with baskets of cut flowers, and the table was sweet with rosebuds and ferns. Covers were arranged for Bishop and Mrs. Joseph H. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Allan C. Balch, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Travers Clover, Dr. and Mrs. Elbert Wing, Judge M. H. Graff, Mr. Alfred Allen and Mr. Horace Boynton. Friday evening Mrs. Wing gave a second affair for Mr. and Mrs. Rodman. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Willis H. Booth, Dr. and Mrs. E. A. Bryant, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Van Dyke and Mr. Alfred Allen. Friday of next week she will compliment Miss Dorothy Peck of Hollywood and her son, Mr. Elbert Wing, who will return from Thatcher for the holidays.

One of the week's delightful affairs was the luncheon given by Mrs. Victor Edward Shaw and Miss Ethel Parker Shaw of 2700 Severance street Thursday afternoon. Covers were laid for eighty guests at tables decked with masses of pink Killarney roses arranged in tulle-ribboned baskets. Assisting the hostess were Mrs. William Harrison Ennis, Mrs. Frank W. Burnett, Mrs. Albert Crutcher, Mrs. James David McCoy, Mrs. C. C. Parker, Mrs. Willoughby Rodman, Mrs. Edward D. Silent, Mrs. Allan C. Balch, Mrs. J. G. McKinney and Mrs. H. H. Ainsworth. Miss Shaw has had as house guest for several weeks Miss Marguerite Galbraith of St. Louis, Mo.

Mrs. Charles Lantz of South Figueroa

street presided at a large reception Tuesday afternoon, which was attended by about two hundred guests. The drawing room and hall were fragrant with pink roses and maidenhair ferns, with pink bows and bands of tulle. In the dining room poinsettias and ferns were used, and red carnations were banked in the upstairs rooms. Miss Evelyn Lantz and Miss Margaret Lantz Daniell served punch, and those who were asked to assist Mrs. Lantz in receiving were Mrs. George Smith Patton, Mrs. William Swift Daniell, Mrs. Ross Kirkpatrick, Mrs. West Hughes, Mrs. Wesley Clark, Mrs. J. L. Harris, Mrs. Walter Hughes, Mrs. A. M. Stephens, Mrs. A. B. Chapman, Mrs. J. R. Scott, Mrs. Richard Lacy, Mrs. R. B. Chapman and Mrs. J. W. Swanwick.

Mrs. Joseph Brent Banning and Miss Katherine Banning, Mrs. George Smith Patton and Miss Anita Patton will entertain Monday, December 23, with a reception, followed by a buffet supper and a dance. The affair is to take place in the building recently erected by Captain William Banning at the corner of Hoover and Thirty-first street, and will be a house-warming for the ballroom which was erected by Captain Banning solely for the purpose of entertaining his friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward B. Tufts of West Adams street will be hosts at a small dinner party this evening at the Country Club, guests being Dr. and Mrs. Dudley Fulton, Mr. Frank Miller and Mr. R. J. Cash.

Mr. and Mrs. Willitts J. Hole of 1907 West Sixth street will preside at the second of a series of dinners this evening, the affairs being in honor of their son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knight Rindge, who recently returned from the east.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Perry Story of New Hampshire street will give a dinner this evening at the Los Angeles Country Club in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh McFarland, son and daughter-in-

law of Mr. and Mrs. Charles McFarland, who have recently come here to live. Covers will be laid for thirty guests at a table quaintly decorated with Christmas suggestions. The centerpiece, which represents a snow scene, will contain the favors for the young people who will enjoy the occasion.

Mrs. William Wallace McLeod of Kingsley drive entertained Tuesday with a tea in honor of her daughter, Miss Feriba McLeod, whose engagement to Mr. Henry Nelson Bailey was recently announced. The house was beautifully decorated for the occasion, the reception rooms being in poinsettias and carnations, with red-shaded lights, while in the tea room a color scheme of pink and green was carried out with Killarney roses, maidenhair ferns and pink tulle. Several hundred guests were bidden to the affair. This afternoon Miss Gladys Wilhelm of Hollywood is entertaining in compliment to the bride-elect, and Monday afternoon Miss Delight Stevens of West Thirty-ninth street will give a card party in her honor.

Mrs. William A. Edwards of 3406 West Adams street entertained Thursday morning with a matinee musicale.

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Murphy and little daughter of 2076 West Adams street will leave in January for a six months' stay abroad. Tuesday afternoon Mrs. Murphy will entertain with a reception which will be in the nature of a farewell.

Officers for the ensuing year for the Bachelors' Club will be chosen this evening, and new members will be considered. The board of governors elected last Saturday night include Messrs. Charles Seyler, Jr., Henry S. Daly, William Kay Crawford, Philo Lindley, Gurney E. Newlin, Maynard McFie, John C. Macfarland, George Ennis, James Page, William P. Reid, Morgan Adams and Sayre Macneil.

Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Sale of Ardmore avenue will preside at a dinner to be given tonight at the Los Angeles Country Club. Guests for the evening will include Mr. and Mrs. Charles Modini-Wood, Mr. and Mrs. E. P. Johnson, Jr., Miss Elizabeth Wood, Miss Florence Wood, Miss Katherine Johnson, Miss Conchita Sepulveda, Mr. Joy Clark, Mr. Stanley Smith, Mr. Harrington and Captain Besley.

Among the holiday gayeties at the Country Club this evening will be the dinner and dancing party given by Mr. and Mrs. Michael J. Connell and Dr. and Mrs. Granville MacGowan. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Griffith will also have a coterie of friends, as well Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Cheney of Berkeley Square and Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Edwards of Kingsley Drive.

Mrs. J. B. Lippincott of 1256 West Adams street gave an informal tea Thursday afternoon, for Mrs. Wiloughby Rodman who delighted the guests with a talk on Siam.

In honor of two young brides, Mrs. Alfred Wright—formerly Miss Marie Bobrick—and Mrs. Eltinge Thornton Brown—formerly Miss Clarisse Stevens—Miss Barbara Burkhalter of Scarff street entertained about thirty young girls Wednesday afternoon with an informal bridge party.

Miss Georgie Off, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John W. A. Off of San Juan Capistrano and Hotel Darby, will join the cluster of society buds who have made their debut this season, when her parents entertain in her honor next Friday evening at the Ebell club house. The rooms will be bright with holiday decorations, and after the formal reception the young guests will enjoy a dancing party. The receiving list includes Mrs. Adna R. Chaffee, Mrs. E. P. Clark, Mrs. Stephen C. Hubbell, Mrs. Hans Jevne, Mrs. A. H. Busch, Mrs. Walter S. Cosby, Mrs. George Cole, Mrs. Joseph H. Call, Mrs. LeRoy Edwards, Mrs. Frank P. Flint,

Mrs. Warren Gillellen, Mrs. R. H. Heron, Mrs. R. H. Howell, Mrs. Fred Hines, Mrs. W. W. Hitchcock, Mrs. William T. Lacey, Mrs. W. G. McCarty, Mrs. Gregory Perkins, Jr., Mrs. Forrest Q. Stanton, Mrs. Vernon Smith, Mrs. Harold Wrenn, Mrs. Louis Tolhurst, Mrs. Alfred Wright, Mrs. Erwin Widney, Miss Jessie Benton Fremont, Miss Echo Allen, Miss Adelaide Hills, Miss Katherine Banning, Miss Mildred Burnett, Miss Helen Chandler, Miss Florence Clark, Miss Sarah Clark, Miss Marguerite Drake, Miss Katherine Flint, Miss Bessie Hill, Miss Katherine Johnson, Miss Ruth Larned, Miss Josephine Lacy, Miss Winifred Maxon, Miss Maybelle Peyton, Miss Kate Van Nuys, Miss Virginia Walsh, Miss Angelita Phillips, Miss Rhoades, Miss Gertrude Shafer, Miss Conchita Sepulveda, Miss Katherine Stearns, Miss Elizabeth Wood, Miss Florence Wood and Miss Hazel Wilson.

Miss Ruth Larned of South Alvarado street entertained a party of twelve young friends at the Mason Opera House Monday night, in compliment to Miss Aileen Canfield and her house guest, Miss Nell Carnahan.

One of the many parties at the Mason Monday night was that given by Dr. and Mrs. Ralph Williams of Kingsley Drive in honor of Miss Aileen McCarthy, followed by supper at the Alexandria. Other guests were Miss Jeanne Buckley, Miss Marguerite Drake, Miss Sarah Clark, Miss Juliette Boileau, Messrs. Irving Walker, Bruce Macneil, Arthur Howard, Herbert Howard and Stuart O'Melveny.

Mr. and Mrs. C. F. W. Richard Bruns of 2702 Wilshire boulevard, and their son, Mr. Clarence Bruns, have left for a year abroad.

Mrs. Frederick Eugene Warner will be the guest of honor at a reception to be given by Mrs. William F. Bosbyshell and Miss Bosbyshell Thursday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Jones Burdette are planning a cruise to Panama and the West Indies and will start next month. They will probably be accompanied by Mrs. Burdette's son, Mr. Roy Wheeler.

Mrs. Elbridge Rand is on her way to Paris to rejoin Mr. Rand and their little daughter, after a brief visit with her parents, former Governor and Mrs. Henry T. Gage.

Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Noyes, C. F. Noyes, Jr., F. W. Gregg, Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Gregory, Mrs. D. F. Robertson and Dr. and Mrs. James Tucker will leave Feb. 1 on a tour of the world. Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Braly, Dr. and Mrs. Herman Janss, Miss Louise Janss and maid and Mr. and Mrs. Jack Jevne, who left here for a trip around the world last month, have arrived safely at Plymouth, according to a cable received by D. F. Robertson, manager of the steamship department of the Citizens' Trust and Savings Bank.

Mrs. William A. Spalding and the Misses Spalding of 134 North Gates street entertained Monday afternoon with a reception at the Friday Morning club house in honor of Mrs. William Dennison Spalding, who is a recent bride. Holiday decorations were used, Christmas foliage and poinsettias being largely utilized. Assisting in receiving were Mrs. E. C. Bellows, Mrs. James R. Dennison, Mrs. J. R. Scott, Mrs. Lewis A. Groff, Mrs. W. W. Stilson, Mrs. Percy Wilson, Mrs. F. W. Wood, Mrs. Homer Laughlin, Jr., Mrs. W. E. Shepard, Mrs. John Abramson, Mrs. William C. Keim, Mrs. Norman Lawler, Miss Mary Foy, Miss Romaine Poindexter, Miss Grace Lavayea, Miss Edith Jordan, Miss Rowena McEwen, Miss Hazel White, Miss Lily Olshausen, Miss Myrtle Waters, Miss Ada Heineman, Miss Florence Moore and Miss Katherine Mullin.

Mr. George Ennis was the host at

Here's a Thought for the Discriminating Advertiser

Sixty per cent of the California Club membership receives The Graphic weekly, a goodly share of the Jonathan Club members take it and in the University Club, Union League and the Beloved Sunset Club it has a fine representation.

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The Graphic has been established eighteen years. Its reputation, its prestige and its circulation are steadily increasing. It is the only high-class weekly in Los Angeles that goes into the homes and the clubs, containing, as it does, reading matter so diversified that it is equally interesting to men and women who think for themselves.

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S. T. CLOVER = = = Editor and Publisher
THE GRAPHIC, 403-4 San Fernando Building, Los Angeles.

a theater party at the Mason Monday night in compliment to Miss Katherine Barbour, one of the season's debutantes. Mrs. W. H. Ennis chaperoned the young folks who included Miss Mildred Burnett, Miss Marguerite Galbraith of St. Louis, Miss Ethel Shaw, Mr. Raymond Moore, Mr. Jerry Powell and Mr. R. W. Willard. After the performance supper at the Alexandria was enjoyed.

Dr. and Mrs. Ralph Hagan of Lake street have bidden seventy friends to a dinner and "watch party" New Year's Eve.

Mrs. W. H. Ennis of St. James Park entertained with a luncheon at the Rose Tree Inn, Pasadena, Monday afternoon as a compliment to Mrs. George French Hamilton, who is the guest of her parents, Gen. and Mrs. Adna R. Chaffee of this city.

Among the distinguished people who will pass the winter in California are General and Mrs. John W. Foster of Washington, D. C. General and Mrs. Foster will visit the grand canyon on their way west, arriving in Los Angeles Saturday. They will be the guests of General Foster's cousin, Mrs. W. W. Stilson of 1048 West Kensington Road. They will go to Coronado for a time, but will pass a part of the winter at the Maryland Hotel in Pasadena. General Foster has distinguished himself in the diplomatic service and is well known as an author. His best known writings are "A Century of American Diplomacy," "American Diplomacy in the Orient," and "Diplomatic Memoirs." Mrs. Foster is honorary president general of the Daughters of the American Revolution. A large reception will be given in her honor in February.

Six Times Into Six

If Eleanora Sears is really responsible for the appended bon mot attributed to her, it proves that the well-known society belle and athlete is as witty as

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she is athletic. Miss Sears, according to report, was discussing at a tea the strange, softening effect upon the heart that the seashore seems to occasion. "This effect was amazingly brought out," she said, "at Coronado Beach last March. There was a house party there, including six young men and six girls. You'd hardly believe it," pursued Miss Sears, "but on their departure from Coronado there were thirty-six engagements in the party."

Cheaters

By Caroline Reynolds

Dramatists and novelists have found inexhaustible fuel for their inspirational fires in the war of the rebellion—in fact, there has been altogether too much written of our nation's bitterest tragedy—too long has the wound between the north and south been kept in a festering state by partisan near-historians. But Edward Peple's pretty play, "The Littlest Rebel," which Dustin Farnum is presenting at the Mason opera house, is a new sort of Civil war offering. There is the smoke of battle and the sting of privation in its atmosphere, but its heroine is a little girl of the south, its heroes her confederate father and a tender-hearted Northerner. Dustin Farnum is accorded the honor of capital letters to distinguish him from the remainder of the cast, but that distinction really should go to little Mary Miles Mintner who moves even hardened theatergoers to tears in emotional scenes that would do credit to adult actresses. This child has the divine spark—so strongly does she become imbued with the spirit of her part that the audience forgets it is but a picture she draws, and sees her as a real little rebel. It is a wonderful achievement for a child to carry the burden of a play upon her shoulders and play her part without self-consciousness and egoism. It is safe to predict that Mary Miles Mintner will one day be a "grown-up" star for her talent is something more than the superficiality of the precocious child actress. Dustin Farnum is a handsome and romantic Colonel Morrison, who dares court-martial and disgrace in order to give his enemy a chance to rescue the littlest rebel. Farnum has a beautifully cadenced speaking voice, but he relies upon it too strongly, and as a result it becomes as monotonous as a melody played a hundred times in a few hours—its sweetness soon cloy. Alexis B. Luce is a capable Colonel Cary, father of the littlest rebel, and George Thatcher does a strikingly faithful bit of character work as Uncle Billy, the old negro. The scenic setting is only fair, and the battle scene in the third act is a rather thrilling stage effect.

Novelties at the Orpheum

Probably the effete east took delight in the operetta, "California," which is one of the star features of the Orpheum bill, but to the Californian the setting is conducive to mirth. An orange tree containing a varied assortment of bright yellow tangerines and russet oranges is a travesty; the pepper tree is still more so, and none of the community seems aware that the gates of the mission open directly upon a steep hill, and even touch the pictured slope. The plot and the lyrics are just about as bad as the setting, nor is the music of any great merit. The best thing in the offering is the "silly ass Englishman" stage type portrayed by Austin Stuart, and a funny little burro. Nonette, the violiniste, is

one of the strong favorites of the circuit, and her appearance this season shows her to greater advantage than ever before. She has lost her rotundity and is bewitchingly slender as well as graceful. Her picturesque, gypsy make-up and dark colorings are in her favor, and her violin music is of the kind warranted to warm the heart-core of vaudeville lovers. Her singing is not to be judged so kindly but is easily forgiven. Stella Maye and Margie Addie are mild'y funny, not because of their patter but through their personal magnetism, and they finish in a blaze of glory in a grand-uproar ren-



Ethel Green, at the Orpheum

dition of a popular syncopation. Jas. J. Morton, the inimitable, is good for about ten minutes—after that he begins to pall. There is nothing remarkable about David Kidd, the Scotch comedian; but perhaps he would fare better were his not the first act on the bill and continuously interrupted by clattering seats and swishing skirts. Lulu McConnell and Grant Simpson are the laughing success, held over, Sydney Ayres continues to perpetrate his "A Call for the Wild"—Where, O where is the Society for the Preven-



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Announces the return of the famous

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After the matinee the ladies will take delight in the dainty Afternoon Tea served in the Main Dining Salon

tion of Cruelty to Audiences?—and the Nat Nazarro troupe are skillful athletes.

"Old Homestead" at the Majestic

Nowhere is there a greater favorite in the bucolic drama ranks than Denman Thompson's household "stand-by," "The Old Homestead." Year after year the old play comes around, and year after year theatergoers go to see it—to chuckle derisively at its old-fashioned style, to laugh at its broad humor and its platitudes, and feel a lump in the throat because of its appeal to the simpler emotions. Everyone is familiar with Uncle Josh Whitcomb, Cy Prime, Aunt Matilda, Reuben—and all the other favorite characters. The production given the play at the Majestic theater this week is a better one than has been accorded for several seasons. William Lawrence is a simple and gentle Uncle Josh, as well as a good comedian, and other parts are capably filled. The harvester singers render the old time melodies and are perhaps the most popular feature of the entire production.

"Master Builder," by the Playgoers

Artistic in detail, letter perfect in lines, "The Master Builder" presented last Friday night by the Playgoers was the high watermark of their efforts thus far. Miss Wilkes, the enthusiastic director of this band of playgoers, is to be congratulated upon achieving an amateur performance of such uniform excellence. An audience that filled Cummock Cummock Hall to overflowing sat interested and unconscious of passing time until 11:20. What better test could there be? The cast included Mr. Seward as Halvard Solness, Master Builder, Mrs. Simpson as the wife, Mr. Rottman as Doctor Herdal, Mr. Pollock as Knut Brovik, Mr. Irish as Ragnar, his son, Miss Rottman as

Taja Fosli, and Miss Gertrude Workman as Hilda Wangel. The heaviest work of the play falls upon its two chief characters, the Master Builder, and Hilda, the spirit of youth and aspiration. One of the most symbolic of Ibsen's plays, each must interpret the meaning for himself. The Master Builder is a self-seeking man who uses everyone about him for his own advancement and justifies himself because of the importance of his work. His abiding terror is the fear of youth knocking at his door, and pushing him aside, as he has pushed others. The wife is Ibsen's favorite picture of the woman who lives in the past, in traditions, and feeds on husks. One's sympathies are aroused for her because of the loss of her twin boys in a fire; but after much mourning and dull misery it transpires that she also lost nine dolls in the same fire and it is these that can never be replaced! This is for contrast, apparently, to the new spirit that looks ever to the future. In his youth and early zest for his work the Master Builder erects churches with tall steeples piercing the sky. When they were completed he, himself, climbed to the top and placed a wreath about the weather vane. In a village an enthusiastic young girl had seen this glorious spectacle and afterward the Master Builder, pleased at her adoration, had kissed her and promised her a kingdom in ten years, when she is grown to be a princess. At the end of that time, when he is jaded by disappointment, blunted by his selfishness, and fearful of climbing the towers he builds, comes out of the north this fresh, trustful girl, who has believed in her first vision of it and comes to claim her kingdom. Unexpected comedy develops in the first interview. The man has forgotten his promises, in such a manlike way! The Master Builder's varying moods were intelligently interpreted by Mr. Seward. The sudden furies of fear and anger were so illuminating, all his self-dissatisfactions were

revealed by them, and all his frantic clutching at opportunities to help himself to rise were shown in his yielding to Hilda. She sees a Master Builder, brave and strong, and by her faith compels him to climb once more. He falls because the strength is in the girl and not in himself. Miss Workman as Hilda gave a splendid account of herself. She was youth and faith and aspiration in every line of her figure. She has a mobile face over which emotion plays easily, a rich voice and a fine reserve in her acting which promises much for the future. To have made this "talky," symbolic play so vivid and interesting was nothing short of a triumph. Miss Wilkes' players are the germ of what will be a distinct force in the local dramatic situation. With a disinterested ambition to foster the art of the stage, regardless of receipts at the door, Miss Wilkes is building an audience that will know what it wants from the stage. All the parts were acceptably filled and the production as a whole a pronounced success. M. H. C.

Offerings for Next Week

James Hallock Reid's play, "The Confession," which enjoyed a successful run at the Bijou theater, New York, last season, will be seen for the first time in this city at the Majestic theater, the week beginning Monday night, with matinees Wednesday and Saturday. When given in New York last year, "The Confession" by its frankness proved a dramatic sensation. It has for its theme a priest's duty to his church and his duty to the state. It will be presented with the original New York organization and by a selected cast of players of excellent reputation. Richard Sterling will be seen in the role of the Rev. J. J. Bartlett. His fine portrayal has won warm praise. Other well known players in the cast are Charles Canfield, George Manning, Adelaide Goundre, Thaddeus Shine, Martin Malloy, William Ingram, Frank Frayne and others. For "The Confession" a special popular price will prevail. Christmas week Lewis Waller will be the attraction at the Majestic in the recent dramatic success, "A Butterfly on the Wheel."

After patiently waiting seven weeks, throughout the long run of "The Escape," Miss Izetta Jewell, the new leading woman of the Burbank stock company, will make her first appearance Sunday afternoon in an elaborate production of Paul Armstrong's recent success, "A Romance of the Underworld." This will be the first performance of this fine play by a stock organization anywhere, it having been seen only recently at the Majestic theater. Miss Jewell has the reputation of being one of the most talented women on the American stage, having won success at the head of several prominent stock companies. She will have the role of Doris Elliott in the Armstrong drama, a part which will allow her excellent opportunity. "A Romance of the Underworld" has to do with crooks and grafters, and possesses one of the most intensely interesting police court scenes ever staged. It has all of the characteristic Armstrong "punch," a wealth of clever comedy, a delightful love story and other attractions. Forrest Stanley, David M. Hartford, Harry Mestayer, Grace Travers and other popular members of the company will be concerned in the production.

Much interest is being manifested in the coming engagement of the Great Raymond, the world-famed American magician, who is just completing his third trip around the world. Columns of flattering press notices attest to this entertainer's success. It is said that his stage settings and equipment surpass anything of the kind ever seen. Throughout Europe Raymond is known as the "Royal Conjurer," having appeared before most of the crowned heads of Europe, from whom he has received many decorations. Legerdemain has always been a popular source

of amusement and the engagement of Raymond at the Auditorium for the week beginning Dec. 16, with Saturday matinee will probably be greeted with crowded houses. He carries seventy tons of baggage and illusions and requires sixteen assistants.

Morosco's new stock company which opens at the New Morosco Theater in January will fill the space left open by the closing of the Belasco organization, many members of which will be identified with the new company, which will be materially strengthened by a dozen new players.

Topliner on the Orpheum's pre-Christmas bill opening Monday afternoon, Dec. 16, is Ethel Green, the original Brinkley girl, who is well remembered here in an act with Billy Gaston, but who is now going it alone. She sings a few songs, tells a few stories, and wears a number of fetching costumes. George Felix, the "tom fool" comedian, with the Barry girls, will return with their sketch, "The Boy Next Door," which will give them opportunity for their funmaking talents. Adrienne Augarde, the English beauty and comedienne, will be seen in a comedy sketch, "A Matter of Duty," which is a satire on the customs laws. As a young bride, Miss Augarde matches her wits against Uncle Sam, and wins. Schnichtl and his marionettes will be a holiday attraction for children of all ages. The curious manikins are said to be marvelously lifelike. Al Raymo has a number of bull dogs which he has trained to a fine point and who do a number of novel tricks. Holding over are "California," the operetta, Nonette and James J. Morton. For the first time in America excerpts from the new Strauss opera, "Der Rosenkavalier," will be given by Frankenstein and his orchestra, as well as other choice bits.

For the first time in this city Willard Mack's play of the great west, "In God's Country" will be offered by the Lyceum stock company, for the week beginning Sunday matinee. This is the first western play that the Lyceum company has offered, and it will be an elaborate production. This organization has already firmly established itself, and capacity houses are the rule. "In God's Country" is laid in the small western town of Twin Flats, Montana, to which comes a young man, falsely accused of crime in New York. He becomes a cowpuncher and later is elected sheriff. His eastern sweetheart, whom he has left behind, comes to Twin Flats to inspect a ranch left her by her uncle. A plot to deprive her of her rights is afoot, but the young sheriff discovers it and immediately takes measures to protect the girl—to find that she is his sweetheart. In the end the girl recovers her ranch and the sheriff regains the girl. Hirshall Mayall will have the role of the young sheriff, while Maude Leone will be the sweetheart, and other members of the cast will have good roles.

When the Carnegie Museum Alaska-Siberia motion pictures were here in the early autumn they were greeted by crowded houses week after week, and yet Los Angelans did not get their fill. As a result the pictures will be shown again at the Mason for the week beginning Monday night, Dec. 16. These pictures were taken by Captain Klein-schmidt, the big game hunter, who has passed much of his life in the land of the Midnight Sun. There are many striking and thrilling scenes in the exhibit, showing the Eskimos at work and at play; a moose hunt in Alaska; herds of mountain goats; a walrus hunt; and an extremely interesting picture of a swimming and diving polar bear who rescues her cub from capture by the mariners. The educational value of the six reels which are accompanied by the comment of a trained lecturer, cannot be overestimated.

"Dante's Inferno," the divine comedy,

HAMBURGER'S MAJESTIC THEATER

Broadway, near Ninth. LOS ANGELES' LEADING PLAYHOUSE. Oliver Morosco, Manager. BEGINNING MONDAY NIGHT, DECEMBER 16

First Production in This City of JAMES HALLECK REID'S Great Play.

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IZETTA JEWELL

in PAUL ARMSTRONG'S Famous Play

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OLIVER MOROSCO, Lessee. DICK FERRIS, Manager.

OPENING SUNDAY AFTERNOON, DECEMBER 15

An Elaborate Production of WILLARD MACK'S Great Play

"In God's Country"

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Week Beginning Monday Night, Dec. 16. Matinees Wednesday and Saturday.

CARNEGIE MUSEUM

Alaska-Siberia Pictures

Nights, 7 and 9 p. m. Matinees Wed. and Sat. Prices 25 and 50c. Seats Reserved.

will be present at the Mozart theater for the week beginning Monday afternoon, Dec. 16. These pictorial representations of the immortal poem required more than a year for completion, and follow the poet's words and ideas closely. As an educational factor, the Inferno pictures are well worth while and give in a few hours a virile idea of the masterpiece. There are five

reels of unusual length and two hours and a half are necessary for their display. The first of the pictures shows Dante lost in the dark forests, as he attempts to ascend the hill of Salvation. Beatrice, Dante's idol, prevails upon Virgil to guide the poet through the Inferno until she is ready to take him through the upper world in peace.

Practical Electric Devices as Gifts

Gift-giving is always a problem—the question of giving something of good class, yet not too expensive, and something that is ornamental as well as useful. This problem can be solved by going to the Southern California Edison Company, where there are electric conveniences that should prove a welcome Christmas visitor in almost any home. The housewife, whether she assumes all the burden of caring for home, or whether she has half a dozen maids—would find intense enjoyment as well as comfort in almost any one of the shining articles; the bachelor who glories in his own apartments would be no less grateful, and the little debutante, who loves to play at being hostess, would go into ecstasies over a chafing dish, a percolator, or one of the cleverly contrived little stoves that seem to be able to boil, bake or brew with all the skill of a chef and a big range.

To the housewife any gift is a boon that will lessen the burden of housekeeping without detracting from the comfort of the home. Cookery and kitchen drudgery are often the heaviest part of housekeeping. Time was when a woman passed weary hours bending over a hot range, trudging back and forth with quickly cooling irons, or blackening fingers and dresses and exhausting her patience in getting her meals ready. But modern inventions have made this slavery a thing of the past. To the woman whose duties are many these labor saving devices are blessings. An electric iron will mean the cessation of many tiresome hours. The old-fashioned way of ironing is as obsolete as hoop skirts. Half the labor was in heating the "sad" irons—appropriately named—on the stove, and often, as the weary ironer was finishing a snowy piece, the iron left a black smudge on the starch. But the electric iron can be kept at the right heat without taking endless steps and there is no danger of smoke marks.

When a woman is dressed for the afternoon and guests come her hospitality impels her to offer them refreshments—but it is inconvenient to leave her callers to go into the kitchen. A chafing dish attached to the lamp socket—with no danger of a spirit lamp exploding or smoking—will brew many a savory dish; an electric percolator will prepare a fragrant cup of coffee, or no one of the little stoves a light luncheon can easily be made ready.

There are other articles that are of inestimable value to the mother with small children, or with sickness in the family. Water-heating devices, bed warming pads and many other labor-lighteners are to be found. It is one of the delights of the debutante to play at housekeeping—particularly if there are members of the opposite sex present. But there is no romance in going into a kitchen and pottering among pots and kettles, particularly if the young hostess has on a favorite and fluffy gown. But a pretty air of domesticity is given to a little gathering when the young hostess prepares an after theater supper or afternoon tea with the assistance of the dainty, shining, nickel-plated conveniences.

One of the greatest attractions about these electric articles is their absolute cleanliness. They are easily taken care of, and marvelously swift in getting things ready. The bachelor will find joy in several of the electric wonders. The man who shaves himself is always desirous of cold water at the moment when there is none. The little stove will heat it quickly—not only for the shaving water, but for the Christmas toddy or the glass of cheer to the parting guest. Chafing dish suppers are skillfully prepared by many men, and no wise bachelor would refuse a percolator, for a cup of strong coffee is the cure for that "morning after" feeling.

There is nothing in the gift line that is more practical than these electric devices. In a way they are luxuries,

but they are fast becoming necessities, and they are so cleverly and artistically constructed that in addition to being useful they look well even on a drawing room table. (Adv.)

Music and Musicians
(Continued from page eight)

meeting the next day, the soloists were Mrs. Vaughn and Mr. A. A. Butler, Miss O'Donoghue accompanying Mrs. Vaughn. Both programs were above the ordinary.

Impresario Lambardi has announced through Manager Behymer that he will return to the Auditorium Christmas night for an extended engagement. The veteran producer was highly pleased with the generous support given his



Blanche Fox, with Lambardi Company

previous offerings, and since leaving here has secured contracts for several noted opera singers. Both Mr. Lambardi and Mr. Behymer are convinced that eventually Los Angeles will be able to support a permanent grand opera company, with an orchestra whose members could become the foundation of a first class symphony organization. In returning to Los Angeles Signor Lambardi will bring added brilliancy to his list of vocalists, which will include Madame Regina Vicarino, the coloratura soprano; Madame Adalberto, dramatic soprano, a former favorite here; Madame Bertossi, and, of course, the popular Tarquini. Mlle. Zizolfi, Mlle. Pineschi, Mme. Rita D'Oria, and the American contralto Blanche Fox are among the feminine singers. Euzenio Felco, the dramatic tenor, is now on his way to this city, and others on the masculine roster will be Alfredo Graziana, Agostini, Signor Nicoletti, Sign. Giovacchini, Sig. Guiseppe Bione, Marco Buenaventura, Gio-

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ani Martino; and with Signor Bovi as an additional musical director. A long list of new works will be presented, besides the old favorites. New scenery, costuming and property effects will mark the productions, and the orchestra will be a large and complete organization.

Magazines of the Month

December magazines are usually full of good fiction and the Christmas number of the Century is no exception. Short stories are "The Christmas Tree on Clinch," by Lucy Furman, "The Miracle of Noel," by Virginia Yeaman Remnitz, "The Wooing of 'Holy Calm,'" by Marian Hamilton Carter, "The Siren of the Air," by Allan Updegraff, and William J. Locke concludes his "Stella Maris" novel. Harrison Gray Otis of local fame expounds on the impeachment of Andrew Johnson, there is a California Christmas sketch, a number of interesting illustrations, another of the seemingly endless Panama articles and departmental features.

With the Christmas number of The American comes a new style, a slightly larger, slightly bulkier appearance. Profusely illustrated, its short stories include, "Ask and It Shall Be Given," by Harris Merton Lyon, "The Impeachment of President Israel," by Frank Copley, "The Fly in the Vacation," by Henry Oyen, "Young America in England," by Welford Beaton, "When Willy and Annie Grew Up," by Mary Brecht Pulver, "The Room on the Fourth Floor," by Ralph Straus, and Arnold Bennett starts a new novel, "The Regent." Emerson Hough writes of "Burns of the Mountains." Ida M. Tarbell is represented in "Good Will to Women." Walter Prichard Eaton deals with "The Theater," and there are many articles of interest.

In Harper's Magazine for December the Christmas spirit is dominant, but not too obtrusive. Mark Twain lives

again in a dream-story, "My Platonic Sweetheart," Lillian Michia writes of "A Girl's Recollections of Rubenstein," Richard Le Gallienne has a charming illustrated study of "Children in Fiction," W. D. Howells tells of "Cordova and the Way There," and there are a number of entertaining short stories.

Dairymen's Train on Santa Fe Wanted

It is understood that the new California State Dairymen's Association has requested the Santa Fe to operate over its lines in this state a dairy demonstration train, on lines similar to the agricultural train of the Southern Pacific. The new dairymen's association could undertake nothing better than to have this educational work established. Los Angeles is the market for the fourteen counties south of Fresno, producing last year, according to the state dairy bureau, more than sixteen million pounds of butter, with even that great amount insufficient to supply the market. Technical education, brought direct to the dairymen, would have the effect of increasing the product and improving the quality, besides building up the agricultural districts. The agricultural train on the Southern Pacific has done excellent work and has been warmly endorsed by the farmers and fruit growers, but the Santa Fe thus far has failed to furnish similar advantages to the people along its lines, where the need is sorely felt. Now, the dairymen are asking for an instruction train to supply their own particular wants, and Los Angeles is no less interested in the success of the project than the dairymen, for it wants better butter and more of it.

Around the World Tours

Mr. D. F. Robertson, manager Steamship Dept. Citizens Trust and Savings Bank, 308 to 310 South Broadway, has reduced the first class Around the World rates to \$487.85. This is cheaper than staying at home.—Adv.

Gossip of Automobile Row

Warrens Now Warranted—With faint knowledge of mechanics and without an experienced chauffeur W. R. Terry and wife and B. H. Myers and wife, all of Youngstown, Ohio, arrived in Los Angeles recently as the terminus of a transcontinental tour in a Warren. The body of the car showed the hard usage to which it had been subjected, but the engine was in fine condition. The quartette of tourists left their Ohio home September 11, and covered more than 4700 miles. The route was via South Bend, Ind., Council Bluffs, Denver, Colorado Springs, Santa Fe and Albuquerque. The trip was a honeymoon for Mr. and Mrs. Myers. The journey was made over bad roads and often through snow.

Temptation of Earle Anthony—Earle C. Anthony, local distributor for the Packard placed himself on record as a champion of ragtime this week by sending to the general manager of a well known cafe, where the musical programme is one of the stellar features, a request that syncopated strains be interspersed with the more classical arias at dinner and after theater supper hours. Earle is said to represent the auto men of the city in this sentiment.

Eating Up the Buicks—C. S. Howard, of the Howard Automobile Company, local agents for the Buick, is expecting a record breaking train load of that make of motor to supply Christmas and early 1913 trade. In the shipment are seventy-five double-decked carloads of Buicks, containing 375 automobiles, with an aggregate value of \$482,400. It is said to be the largest single shipment ever made. Howard is now receiving a regular allotment of 150 cars a week to supply the Pacific coast territory.

Irwin True to His Last Syllable—Guy Irwin, for a long time connected with the Ralph Hamlin agency, is now superintendent of the Pacific Motor Car Company of San Francisco. Irwin is best known in Southern California motoring circles as Hamlin's companion in the Franklin in each of the Phoenix road races in which that particular car finished first.

Planning Long Tours—Winton motor cars are figuring to a marked extent in the more extended traveling of the season. H. W. Curtis of San Francisco arrived here last week in his "six," and will journey to San Diego before returning north. J. C. Oliver of Buffalo, Wyoming, reached here last week ahead of a 1912 Winton which is being shipped by freight and which he will use in an extensive tour of the coast. A. J. Wells of Buffalo, N. Y., has also shipping his car of that make here to be used in various lengthy touring trips.

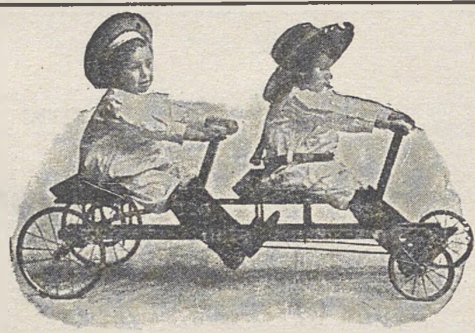
Agent For Accessories—Leland S. Reeves of San Francisco, sales manager of the Renfro Speed-O-Meter Sales Company, has been a recent visitor in Los Angeles automobile circles. He is agent for the accessory for all territory west of Denver and was arranging for local representatives.

Fred Phelps Home Again—Fred Phelps, who for the last year has been connected with the H. O. Harrison Company in San Francisco, has been made sales manager of the Los Angeles branch of that motor car concern. He will be in charge of their large new building on Flower near Pico, which is soon to be completed.

On a Wild Goose Chase—C. E. Halliwell, the well known local accessory dealer, passed a portion of this week

in Tulare county hunting wild geese. His friends having for many moons been telling him of the fine shooting up there, this week he left to see for himself.

Entertained the Chief—Oliver W. Hutchinson, vice president and general manager of the Olds Motor Works, one of the foremost figures in national automobile circles, was a recent visitor along the local motor row as the guest of Captain Harmon D. Ryus, manager of the Oldsmobile Company of California. The auto chief's visit here was for the purpose of arranging with the local representatives in regard to 1913 business.



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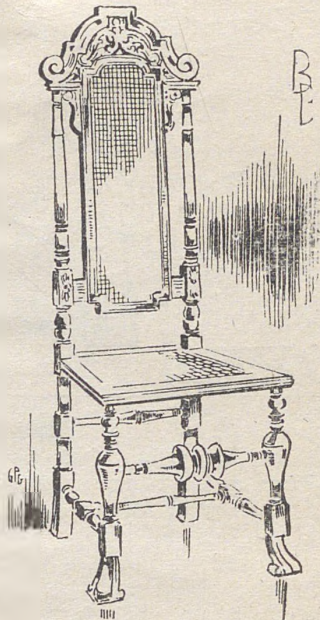
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Accidents Unnecessary

Carelessness is the cause of 99 per cent of the accidents that happen at street crossings and in getting on and off cars. It has become so gross that in order to save life and limb the Los Angeles Railway Company is now spending thousands of dollars in spreading the gospel of safety under the direction of the lectures of the Public Safety League.

Here are the rules of the league for the prevention of accidents:

Never cross a street without looking in both directions.

Never get on or off a moving car.

Never underestimate the speed of an approaching vehicle—better wait a minute than spend weeks in the hospital.

Never cross behind a car without assuring yourself that there is not another coming in the opposite direction.

Never stand on the steps.

Never let your children play in the streets.

Never get off backwards.

LOS ANGELES RAILWAY CO

THE GRAPHIC pays more attention to Music and Drama than any similar publication on the coast.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION IN UNITED STATES LAND OFFICE

Los Angeles, Cal., Oct. 5, 1912.
Notice is hereby given that Santa Fe-Pacific Railroad Company, through W. J. Davis, its attorney in fact, has filed in this office its application to select, under the provisions of the Act of Congress approved June 4, 1897, (30 Stat. 1136), and the Act of Congress approved March 3, 1905, (33 Stat. 1264), the following described land, namely:

Lot Two in Section Eighteen, Township One South, Range Twenty West, San Bernardino Meridian, situate in the Los Angeles Land District, and containing 53.10 acres.

Any and all persons claiming adversely the land described, or desiring to object because of the mineral character of the land, or any part thereof, or for any other reason, to the disposal of applicant, should file their affidavits of protest in this office on or before the 15th day of November, 1912.

FRANK BUREN, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.

03982 Nov. 13, 1912.
NOTICE is hereby given that John E. Ziehlke, of Calabasas, Cal., who on June 5, 1907, made Homestead Entry No. 11375, Serial No. 03982, for NE 1/4, Section 20, Township 1 S., Range 17 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final five year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, United States Land Office, at Los Angeles, California, on the 10th day of January, 1913, at 10 o'clock a. m.

Claimant names as witnesses: Louis Olivera, Posey Horton, William Gleason, Roy Horton, all of Calabasas, Cal.
5t FRANK BUREN, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.

04000 Nov. 26, 1912.
NOTICE is hereby given that James Kerne Hedstrom, of 170 Lucas Ave., Los Angeles, Cal., who, on July 22, 1907, made Homestead Entry No. 11415, Serial No. 04000, for Lot 4, Sec. 4, Lots 1, 2 and 3, Section 5, Township 1 S., Range 17 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make final five year proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before the Register and Receiver, United States Land Office, at Los Angeles, California, on the 7th day of January, 1913, at 10 o'clock a. m.

Claimant names as witnesses: Frank James Kimball, Joseph Louis Olivera, Katherine F. Gleason, Jackson Tweedy, all of Calabasas, Cal.
5t FRANK BUREN, Register.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR

U. S. Land Office at Los Angeles, Cal.

012313 Not coal lands
Nov. 21, 1912.
NOTICE is hereby given that James H. Robert of 1357 W. 38th St., Los Angeles, Cal., on Feb. 4, 1911, made Homestead Entry, No. 012213, for Lots 2 and 3, Sec. 18, T. 1 S. R. 18 W. & N 1/2 SE 1/4, Section 13, Township 1 S., Range 19 W., S. B. Meridian, has filed notice of intention to make Final Commutation Proof, to establish claim to the land above described, before Register and Receiver, United States Land Office, at Los Angeles, California, on the 2nd day of January, 1913, at 10 o'clock a. m.

Claimant names as witnesses: Charles H. Haskell, William Morris, Elizabeth C. Heney, all of Newberry Park, Cal., Elias A. Shedoudy, of Los Angeles, Cal.
FRANK BUREN, Register.

Stocks & Bonds

Exercising of the Watchorn option on Union Provident has been the excuse for a bear pounding of all the Stewart oils in a manner that has kept Union sliding the wrong way, and has tilted Provident to 107 and back to 101 within the week on the Los Angeles stock exchange, with trading hardly up to normal, and with lower prices predicted for the market as a whole before there is a swing the other way. Experts are of the opinion that with crude oil going up, petroleum shares should show much better things, but the about face movement in stocks is not expected until after the new year.

Fourth street has been digesting the Union sale all week and the more the details are examined the less favorable they appear. Critical comment is that the option extended amounts to the payment of half a million dollars for the use of a fifty million property, one of the most valuable in the world, of its kind, for two years, permitting the tentative owners to swing the holdings acquired by them at a profit that may aggregate ten times the amount of their investment before they can be expected to pay over much more hard cash. Of course, the financial district may have a wrong impression of what really has taken place, but as the deal was engineered by outsiders, those who were former Union insiders are criticizing rather severely what has taken place. In the discussion pro and con there have been printed and inspired several stories that have been erroneous and unjust, to say the least. Incidentally, it may be stated that what has been done in Union has set the entire investment market on edge, with a loss of confidence in local securities, and with a desire by Union owners to dispose of their holdings as quickly as possible. Undoubtedly, it will be some time before investors will have recovered from the shock for which the Watchorn deal in Union Provident is held responsible.

Associated also is in the dumps with the lowest prices of the year registered for the week and with indications that the bottom is not yet reached. Evidently, some one is dumping stock by the bale, and but for the San Francisco market the price would go to pieces. As it is, inside support alone is keeping quotations at anything like really healthy conditions. The remainder of the dependable petroleum list is weak and without life for the time.

Among the lesser oils California Midway shows signs of revivification. National Pacific is doing a mild stunt, in demand at about 2 cents, with its fifth one-cent-a-share assessment in sight. United is strong on reports of a sale of the property. Rice Ranch is fairly firm.

Among the bank shares Citizens National and F. & M. National have been the leaders of the week's trading, the latter selling as high as 395, a gain of twenty points since the last report. The stock is to have more than the usual dividend disbursements with the January 1 payment, it is reported. First National, Security Savings, Commercial National and Home Savings rule firm with still better quotations, apparently, in store for these several issues.

Bonds are rather more active, L. A. Homephone firsts refunding 5s selling in big blocks at 80, and the First Mortgages also wanted for investment as well as for retirement. Associated Oil

5s, Union Oil 5s and a few of the water bonds are picked up whenever offered in the open market.

There is little doing in the mining share market, Consolidated Mines and Searchlight Parallel ruling weak. The Nevada list is not attractive among local traders.

Money conditions remain ideal in all essentials.

Banks and Banking

Among other requests received by Secretary of the Treasury MacVeagh for the deposit of part of the treasury surplus in national banks to break the high money rates was one from George E. Sheldon, treasurer of the Republican national committee, according to Washington information. Mr. Sheldon is reported to have asked that the money be placed in banks outside of New York City, and he is quoted as having written that the present money stringency was in no wise due to stock speculation, for the good and sufficient reason that "speculation in Wall street is as dead as Julius Caesar."

Bank of Glendale has decided to increase its capital stock to \$50,000 and will call a meeting for that purpose Feb. 11.

Stock and Bond Briefs

Bids will be opened Jan. 8 for Orange county's big bond issue of \$1,270,000, which was recently voted for good roads.

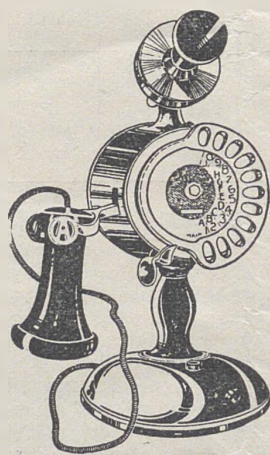
Sealed bids will be received up to 8 p. m. Jan. 2 by the city council of Santa Barbara for the water works extension tunnel bonds to the amount of \$38,000, bonds of \$1000 each, bearing 4½% per annum.

Brawley will vote Dec. 18 on an issue of \$150,000 for the construction of a city hall.

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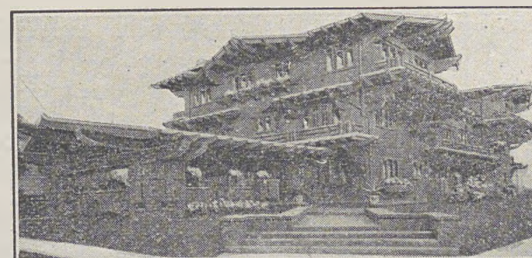


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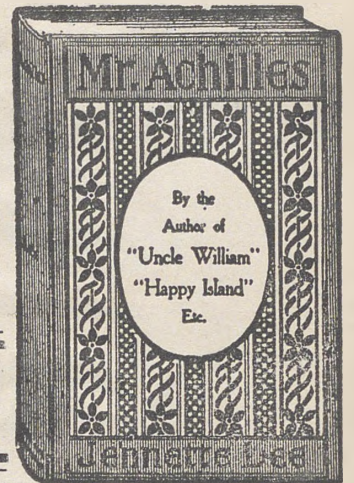
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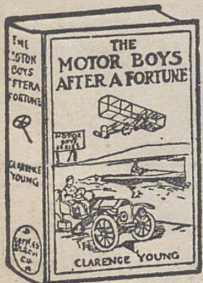
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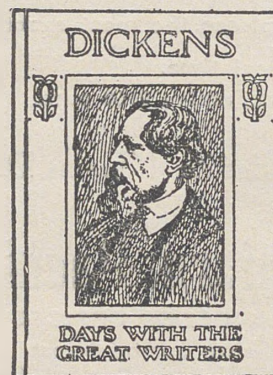
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